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The Critic

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1893

Literature

"Essays in London and Elsewhere"

By Henry James. Harper & Bros.

"A WRITERS' WRITER" is the epithet which Mr. James applies to Flaubert, but it can with equal justice be turned upon himself. No one but a writer can fully appreciate, perhaps, the niceties of his style, its delicate subtleties and fine discriminations, its reticence, and its occasional artistic fulsomeness. Mr. James is not of those writers who can describe a character in a phrase or two and place him living before us, but he discovers in every man certain traits unsuspected by the hurrying world around him, certain limitations which might otherwise have passed unnoticed. A simple character interests him comparatively little, but nothing delights him more than the study of a complex nature like that of Flaubert; and his essay upon this novelist illustrates his method. He analyzes Flaubert's aims and his achievements in the effort to learn how far he realized the one in the other. He delights in discovering the extent to which he was thwarted by his very ambition, by his singleness of purpose. The analyst measures with the accuracy of a surgeon his suffering during the evolution of his books, a suffering unrewarded apparently by that moment of delight which often pays for weeks of mental labor. The "torment of style" was constantly with him, permitting him no rest and little happiness, so keen was his abhorrence of the slightest infelicity of language. And this self-torture Mr. James puts vividly before us by virtue of having himself suffered in the same way for the same ends. And yet he thoroughly appreciates the limitations which such painstaking care places upon a novelist's outlook upon life. "We may polish our periods till they shine again," he says, "but over the style of life our control is necessarily more limited." Only in "Madame Bovary" does Mr. James find a touch of emotion, "just enough to take off the chill"; in the other volumes Flaubert pays the penalty of his exertions in the glittering hardness of his polished jewel. "To the end of time," writes this keen and really sympathetic commentator, "there will be something flippant, something perhaps even 'clever' to be said of his immense ado about nothing. Those for some of whose moments, on the contrary, this ado will be as stirring as music, will belong to the group that has dabbled in the same material and striven with the same striving." And in summing up, Mr. James says "it was not that he went too far, it was on the contrary that he stopped too short. * * * He should at least have listened at the chamber of the soul. This would have floated him on a deeper tide; above all it would have calmed his nerves." The entire essay is a shrewd and brilliant study of Flaubert's mind—its weakness and its strength and the relation of one to the other. It shows Mr. James at his best—as a detailed psychological analyst.

The essay on Lowell emphasizes a side of that scholar's nature which is less familiar probably to Americans than to Englishmen—his ardent, almost aggressive patriotism. To Mr. James this was his most prominent characteristic during the years of his residence in London. It was not merely that he loved his country, the essayist says, but he was in love with her; and "his America was a country worth hearing about, a magnificent conception, an admirably consistent and lovable object of allegiance." This picture of Lowell is painted with a singularly tender touch; it is animated by affection and regret and by a warm admiration for a rarely beautiful character. To us who are Americans this glimpse of Lowell in England is particularly grateful, and it seems somehow to introduce us to his intimate acquaintance. It is

a fit companion to the essay on London which opens the book and gives one a vivid impression of the charm of the city as a city—of its bigness, its hurrying crowds, the artistic effects produced by its heavy canopy of smoke, its unfathomable power, its fearful, satanic majesty. The fascination of it all is made visible, at the same time that it is shown to be in a way repulsive and even terrible. And in this the essayist shows his literary art, though it is done in too straightforward a fashion to be picturesque. The essays which follow are upon various subjects touching French and English literature, and Mr. James's cosmopolitan sympathies embrace characters as different as Mrs. Kenble and Mrs. Humphry Ward and such French writers as Pierre Loti and the brothers de Goncourt. One would hardly expect as polished a writer as Mr. James to enjoy Ibsen and Browning, but his curiosity, his love of analysis keeps him in touch even with them. Of the former his understanding is to a certain extent imperfect, but his appreciation of Browning is finer, the poet's mind is a more interesting study to him. "The very imperfections of this original," he writes of him, "are fascinating, for they never present themselves as weaknesses—they are boldnesses and overgrowths, rich roughnesses and humors—and the patient critic need not despair of digging to the primary soil from which so many disparities and contradictions spring. He may finally even put his finger on some explanation of the great mystery, the imperfect conquest of the poetic form by a genius in which the poetic passion had such volume and range. He may successfully say how it was that a poet without a lyre * * * was nevertheless, in his best hours, wonderfully rich in the magic of his art, a magnificent master of poetic emotion."

The chief defect in Mr. James's essays is in the quality which, in paintings, we call composition. They seem to have no focus, no climax, to which the surrounding incidents are related and subordinated. So that one sometimes wonders, after reading one of them, what it was all about; and this not because there is any lack of matter, but because it contains no central point to fix the attention. This feeling is never present during the perusal, however, for Mr. James's ideas are so intricate, his observation so subtle, and his expression at times so involved that one's mind must be kept active and alert in reading him. His style is an admirable expression of his individuality, and its very minuteness follows his train of thought and adapts itself to it with singular felicity.

"English History for American Readers"

By Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Edward Channing. Longmans, Green & Co.

THE MOST obvious criticism of this book, the one that the very title suggests, is that Mr. Higginson and Prof. Channing hold an entirely erroneous view of the function of history. In its broadest aspect, that function is to propagate truth, and it is thus the moral duty of every historian to present all the facts in their true light and relative importance. To call one who wilfully departs from such a purpose "outside the literary pale," as Duncan Campbell does, is perhaps not too severe. If, in the development of the English state, the acquisition of India is as important as the planting of the American colonies, it behooves any one viewing his work seriously to lay as much stress upon one event as upon the other. The joint authors of this English history think otherwise. They state that certain events in English history, from their close connection with the growth of the United States, are of more interest to Americans than others which, from the objective standpoint of science, are of equal importance in England's history. Out of deference to

this unscientific and provincial attitude, the authors of this book have, as stated in the preface, "boldly ventured to modify in their narrative the accustomed scale of proportion." If the public holds one-sided ideas, the writer should educate it, and not pander to its ignorance; and it is thus with regret that we see the name of a professor in our oldest college on the title-page of a book conceived in so unscientific a spirit.

To compress the history of a great country into a small volume of only a few hundred pages is a most difficult task. Both well-digested knowledge and great literary skill are required; for much that is vital has to be omitted, and the writer must, by the addition of a phrase or by the careful selection of his words, suggest those facts that are necessary to tone down to its true light the absoluteness of the main assertion in the sentence. The examples of success in this class of historical literature are few. Boutmy's "English Constitution" is one, Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire" is another, and recently Goldwin Smith produced a third; the volume before us must be classed among the conspicuous failures. The sentences are bald and jerky, and lack that smoothness betokening full mastery of the subject. As a result, the authors have placed many events in a false light. Thus, no one would infer from the account given that Charles I. was privy to his seizure by Cornet Joyce. The omission of any reference to this fact throws an entirely false light on the whole occurrence.

Passing over these inaccuracies of omission, it may be well to point out some of the actual misstatements that stand out prominently on many a page. Edward the Confessor was not, as is stated, the last of the direct descendants of Cerdic the Saxon. The descent of Eadgar, and of his sister Margaret, Henry I.'s mother-in-law, was just as direct. Later on we read that in Magna Charta it was provided that no tax, with the exception of the three feudal aids, was to be imposed by the King, "without the consent of the nation given through a national council." A great fault in modern historians is that they have read into Magna Charta much of modern democratic political philosophy; they have followed the interpretation of this document, as given by the statesmen of the 17th century, who sought therein to find some historical justification for their ideals. Clause 12 admits of no such interpretation as that given in the text. The words "nisi per commune consilium regni nostri" do not imply that the consent of the people was necessary, but only that the great nobles had to give their consent to extraordinary taxes. Then, Edward II. was not "the first king to date his reign from the day of his father's death"; for after Henry III.'s death, Edward I., though absent, was proclaimed King, and from this time on, as regards succession to the throne, the principle called "le mort saisit le vif" obtained.

Some pages further on, our authors adopt James E. Thorold Rogers' theory, that after the Black Death the manorial lords, on account of the scarcity of labor and its high price, tried to restore that state of things existing before obligations to work for the lord had been commuted into fixed money payments, and that the result of this attempt was the peasant revolt of 1381. Had Prof. Channing read the works of his colleague, Prof. Ashley, more attentively, he would have known that this theory is purely hypothetical, being based on no ascertained facts. It is likewise difficult to imagine what meaning the following sentence will convey to the uninformed reader:—"In Queen Elizabeth's time, too, the port of Archangel was discovered." Surely, in no way does it suggest Richard Chancellor's voyage to Archangel, and the opening of commercial relations between England and the land of Ivan the Terrible. It is, moreover, a gross mistake to attribute (p. 208) Wentworth's policy of "Thorough" to one of England's most superficial and vacillating monarchs. Nor are the misstatements confined to the text; occasionally they appear even in the bibliography. Froude's "Beaconsfield" was not published in the Twelve English Statesmen, but in the Prime Ministers of Queen Victoria series.

In view of the unscientific character of this work, of its faults in method, its inaccuracies both of omission and commission, it is difficult to say anything in its praise—except that the typography is good and the illustrations and maps are well executed.

"Balcony Stories"

By Grace King. The Century Co.

THE VERANDAHED South is the home of the open-air *troupe* who gathers the listening group about him and tells, in tones low and thrilling, the stories of the *belle dame* or the gallant cavalier of times gone by. Not in verse: only the rhythm of the pulsing heart beats the story into cadence or canto; and the theme is some family experience "that happened to So-and-So, you know." Thus it is that the Virginia Springs, the Gulf watering-places, the sandy dunes of Florida overlooked by spacious galleries, or the far-in, landlocked Georgia islands have become small Olympias, whither the wandering guest or the nomad story-teller or the Creole Scheherazade bend their footsteps and settle down and open their treasures of memory or hearsay for the delectation of friends. The summer evenings are long and smiling; there is always a full or a half-moon or a troop of glittering planets to filter through the tracery of vines; the idle water lap and lisp on the soaking sands; and the eager circle gathers about Colonel This or Major That, or some white-haired Madame, to hear rapt reminiscences of the olden time.

Such is the happy germ of Miss Grace King's "Balcony Stories"—a series of charming silhouettes, vague, tender, tragic, or humorous, played magic-lantern-like upon the canvas of a few pages each and projecting fitful illumination on old Creole life in New Orleans, long ago. The stories are often the merest sketches, but often very suggestive and profitable ones to think over. Their delicate art is unobtrusive—very faint, very faltering at times, like the floating perfume of that odorous herb called "Louisiana grass," so precious to the heart—and the linen of Louisiana belles, yet always leaving a definite impression behind. It is this unstudied effect which makes the stories so interesting. It is not a "Romeo and Juliet" balcony, passionate of love and death, from which these graceful tales sweep down on the hearer: it is a balcony of memories shut in by *jalousies* and presided over by tender sentiment and taste, a true knowledge of French Creole life, and a pure reserve. It is not often that so dainty a prose-poem as "The Story of a Day" or "The Miracle Chapel" is written, and "A Crippled Hope" is quite inimitable in its way. The art of some of the stories is injured by the abruptness of the conclusion, as in "The Little Convent Girl" and "Grandmother's Grandmother," but generally the author's purpose seems a fleeting one: she hovers, flutters, and is then off like a butterfly that one moment has crowned a flower with life, with irradiation, and is gone. The effect is not very durable, while it is yet momentarily perfect; but how much better the momentary radiance than the prolonged glare of wilful and tedious analysis! Not everybody can present a picture so vividly with such economy of words. It is Coppée-like.

Hunting in Mashonaland

Travel and Adventure in Southeast Africa. By F. C. Selous. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

AT FIRST BLUSH, one would say that a man with a price upon his head was not a lucky fellow. But there is another side to the shield. Frederick Courteney Selous, for whose body—dead or alive—King Lobengula has offered a tempting reward, which naturally directs attention toward him, is just out with a big volume of "Travel and Adventure in Southeast Africa." The man and the book appear before the public at the same time, therefore we call him a lucky fellow, and we think that most authors will agree with us in so regarding him. Mr. Selous's travels were made in Mashonaland, a country which he may be said to not only have discovered but opened up, and King Lobengula and his doughty warriors are the *dramatis personæ* of the story. Mr. Selous

knows Lobengula, and Lobengula knows him. That is why he wants him. The savage monarch fears this Englishman more than any man among the Chartered Company's commanders. He knows that there is none other with the same knowledge of Mashonaland and few who possess his courage and coolness.

Before the present troubles in Southeast Africa began, Mr. Selous was known as the most successful hunter of wild beasts in the world. He is supposed for that reason, and because Southeast Africa was his chosen hunting-ground, to have been the original of Rider Haggard's "Alan Quatermain." If he is, Mr. Haggard painted the portrait with a free hand—though not a freer one than the hand with which he painted "She." There is no doubt that Mr. Selous has been the hero of some of the most remarkable hunting adventures of the century. To read his book is to be kept in perpetual excitement. The reader turns from one page of hair-breadth escapes only to be confronted by another. Of the future of Mashonaland, the scene of his adventures, Mr. Selous is most sanguine:—

"Almost the whole of Mashonaland and Manica lies at an elevation of over 3000 feet above the sea, while much of the plateau (especially that portion of it lying to the southeast of the main road from Salisbury to Umtali) reaches an altitude of from 5000 to 6000 feet. The higher portions of the country, though lying well within the tropics, possess a thoroughly temperate climate, which is primarily due, no doubt, to their altitude above sea-level, but also in a minor degree, I think, to the fact that it is the highest land in Southeastern Africa, and therefore catches directly the cool winds coming from the Indian Ocean. At any rate, during the hottest months of the year the heat of the sun is almost always tempered by the breeze which constantly blows from the southeast—a breeze which, during the winter months, is apt to become so keen and cold that an Englishman, suddenly transplanted from home and deposited, without knowing where he was, on some portion of the Mashona uplands, would never dream that he was in tropical Africa, but would rather be inclined to believe that he stood on some wild moorland in Northern Europe; and the sight of a bed of bracken, looking identical with what one sees at home, would only lend color to this belief. The nights are cool the whole year round and during the winter months bitterly cold, while the excessive heat of the sun during the spring and autumn is always tempered, as I have said above, by the southeast breeze."

The mineral wealth of Mashonaland Mr. Selous believes to be well-nigh inexhaustible. That all this richness should go into the possession of the Portuguese was not to be thought of for a moment, so with 500 mounted men supplied by Mr. Cecil Rhodes, he opened up this new and promising country in the name of Her Majesty, the Queen of England. Of the natives he says:—

"Their nakedness does not arise from poverty, for these people, having large herds of cattle, are well off for hides; but it is the fashion in this part of the world to go naked. Many of the men had a small catskin made into a bag, in which they carried tobacco, dacha, etc. These small skins, however, were always hung either round the neck or over the shoulder, or on the hip or behind, but never where, with European ideas, one might have expected them to be placed. Some of the men had their hair worked up into a cone like a strawberry pottle, quite two and a half feet in height. The base of these cones was always fixed on the back of the head, but they were made to curve upward and forward, so that the point of the cone was pretty well straight above the head, and in the apex of these conical headdresses was fixed a long, thin strip of sable antelope horn, looking like a piece of whalebone, which, though strong enough to stand upright, yet waved with every movement of the head. The extreme point of these curious headdresses was certainly over five feet above the skull of the wearer. These people must necessarily live in a very open country, for with such headdresses they could never get through bush. During the day some hundreds of Mashokulumbwi must have visited our camp, and I had a good opportunity of observing them. They are a fine, sturdy looking race of men; very many of them have rather aquiline features, and are at the same time lighter in color than their fellows; and it appears to me that among them there is a strong admixture of some other blood than the Negro—perhaps Arab or some other North African race."

He regards the Mashonas as a treacherous race, with Lobengula as arch-traitor. Opinions differ on this subject, even in England; but Mr. Selous sees the situation in Africa

through the eyes of the Chartered Company.—To the American reader Mr. Selous's adventures in hunting big game will be the most interesting part of the book. He made nothing of an encounter with lions. In one instance a fallen tree between him and the lion prevented his getting a good aim at the beast. He fired, however:—

"With a loud roar the lion answered the shot, and I instantly became aware that he was coming straight at me, with open mouth and flaming eyes, growling savagely. I knew it was hopeless to try to get another cartridge into my single-barrelled rifle, and utterly useless to try to mount, more especially as my horse, startled by the loud hoarse grunts and sudden and disagreeable appearance of the charging lion, backed so vigorously that the bridle (to a running ring on which a strong thong was attached, the other end being fastened to my belt) came over his head. I had a strong feeling that I was about to have an opportunity of testing the accuracy of Dr. Livingstone's incredible statement that for certain reasons (explained by the Doctor) a lion's bite gives no pain; but there was no time to think of anything in particular. The whole adventure was the affair of a moment. I just brought my rifle round in front of me, holding the small of the stock in my right hand and the barrel in my left, with a vague idea of getting it into the lion's mouth, and at the same time yelled as hard as I could, 'Loos de honden, loos de honden,' which, being translated, means 'Let loose the dogs.' In an instant, as I say, the lion was close up to me. I had never moved my feet since firing, and whether it was my standing still facing him that made him alter his mind, or whether he heard the noise made by my people, I cannot take upon myself to say; but he came straight on to within about six yards of me, looking, I must say, most unpleasant, and then suddenly swerved off, and passing me galloped away."

This is only one of the many adventures recorded in this exciting volume.

"Principles of Economics"

By Grover P. Osborne. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

THE AUTHOR of this book has undertaken to treat economics from what he deems a new point of view, his conception of the science differing somewhat from that of previous writers. He holds that the true subject of economics is the satisfaction of human wants, so far as this satisfaction depends on material resources or the labor of human beings. His work, therefore, takes a somewhat wider range than most such treatises do, and includes some topics which they leave untouched, yet the ultimate outcome is essentially the same. He disclaims, indeed, the idea of founding a new school, and expressly declares his adhesion to the methods and most of the doctrines of the standard English writers; he differs from them only in his view of the scope and subject-matter of the science. That there is something to be said for his conception of the science is obvious enough, and previous writers have uniformly recognized that the ultimate aim of all industry is the satisfaction of wants; but in developing his conception he is obliged to introduce topics, such as the pleasures of social intercourse, which are wholly foreign to the economic field. Nevertheless, his view of the nature of the science has led him to take notice of some things that other writers have disregarded or insufficiently treated, and there are portions of his work that students of the subject will find suggestive.

On the other hand, there are certain faults in his treatment of the science, even if we accept his view of what the science is. He is too much inclined to regard economics as an art rather than a science; and he makes the mistake, so common at the present day, of confounding economics with ethics. The third division of his work, for instance, is a purely ethical discussion of the right of property and the various questions connected therewith. Most that he says on ethical questions will meet the approval of judicious men, but its relevancy in a treatise on economics is not apparent. As for the purely economical portion of the book, it is, as we have already remarked, little more than a restatement of the doctrines of the English writers. Mr. Osborne lays great stress on the law of diminishing returns and on the effects that it must ultimately have on the increase of population. He also points out the importance of

an economical use of labor as well as of natural resources, and shows that, with proper management of both, production would be largely increased. On the subject of distribution he offers little that is new; and he comes no nearer than others have done to solving the problem of profits and wages. The book is written in a clear and easy style, and may be read with interest from beginning to end.

Falckenberg's "Modern Philosophy"

A History of Modern Philosophy. By Richard Falckenberg. Translated with the Author's Sanction, by A. C. Armstrong, Jr. Henry Holt & Co.

IN A SUBSTANTIAL VOLUME, comprising in the translation over 650 closely printed pages, the Professor of Philosophy in the University of Erlangen has undertaken to give to students a summary of the history and doctrines of modern philosophy, in a form as compact and as available for purposes of instruction as Edward Zeller's well-known "Outlines of the History of Greek Philosophy." In this object he has been well seconded by the translator, Prof. Armstrong of Wesleyan University, whose version has had the benefit of additions and corrections communicated by the author in manuscript, and may therefore be regarded as a new and improved edition of the original work.

Prof. Falckenberg has been chiefly known as a commentator and an editor, his most important separate work being his "Elements of the Philosophy of Nicolas of Cusa." His study of that half-forgotten German author and some pardonable local sentiment are without doubt the causes which have led him to begin his history with the theological mysticisms, acute but perplexing and often inconsistent, of the more "voluminous" than "luminous" (to copy Sheridan's jest upon Gibbon) Bishop of Brixen. The real founders of modern philosophy, who overthrew at once the authority, previously dominant, of the Aristotelians and the Scholastics, were Giordano Bruno in Italy, Peter Ramus in France and Francis Bacon in England. To all of these, while admitting their merits, the author does rather scanty justice. In one respect Prof. Falckenberg's work is highly to be commended. Almost all writers who have dealt with the subject have claimed for mental philosophy the title of a science. But the author is aware that science (meaning knowledge) is in its very nature progressive, whereas in mental philosophy, or metaphysics, there has hitherto been no real progress whatever. There have been simply changes of theory, with no definite results. And for this the author gives the true and decisive reason—*vis.*, the necessary lack of proof. "Experiential verification is, in the nature of things, denied to a presumptive knowledge of that which is beyond experience"; and hence in metaphysics "there is so little continuous advance that it is rather true that the later comers are likely to overthrow all that their predecessors have taught." Thus he holds that the so-called "philosophies" of different countries, ages and writers are in reality only different "views of the world." And he adds, in a style of illustration somewhat more florid than is usual with him:—"The necessity for constant reconsideration of them is from this standpoint at once evident. The Greek view of the world is as classic as the plastic art of Phidias and the epic of Homer; the Christian, as eternally valid as the architecture of the Middle Ages; the modern as irrefutable as Goethe's poetry and the music of Beethoven." "One view of the world," he continues, "is forced to yield its pre-eminence to another, which it has itself helped to produce by its own one-sidedness; only to reconquer its opponent later, when it has learned from her, when it has been purified, corrected and deepened by the struggle. But the elder contestant is no more confuted by the younger than the drama of Sophocles by the drama of Shakespeare, than youth by age or spring by autumn."

The force of these ingenious arguments in behalf of the author's favorite study cannot be denied. There can be no doubt that the philosophies as well as the beliefs of successive ages have largely influenced the destinies of na-

tions, and that they consequently have great historical and literary importance. But that the study of speculative philosophy has in itself much practical utility, even as a mental discipline, has been strongly questioned of late years. Nor can Prof. Falckenberg's work, able as it is, and full of matter and thought, but crammed from beginning to end with inconsistent and mutually destructive theories, be held to afford any strong support to an affirmative conclusion.

Poetry and Verse

A THOROUGHLY delightful volume of translations from the Odes of Horace is "Horatian Echoes," by the late Mr. John Osborne Sargent. In a brief introductory note, Dr. Holmes, who was for many years a friend of the translator, writes:—"It is a privilege to be introduced to the great Augustan lyrical poet and critic by one so thoroughly conversant with his author, and so deeply imbued with all the distinguishing qualities of this refined, genial, clear-sighted, thoroughbred Roman gentleman. All Mr. Sargent's translations bear the same mark of fidelity to the original, and a happy transfusion of ancient thought, which can never grow old, into the modern phrases of another language." Nothing that we might say would more truly give our own opinion of this book. Something of Mr. Sargent's poetic spirit may be seen in the following stanzas of his own, closing his prefatory poem on Horace:—

"No longer through the Sacred Way
The pontiffs lead the vestal train;
Thrones crumble, dynasties decay,
Of Alaric born, or Charlemagne—

"Saints, Soldiers, Presbyters, and Popes
In legions rise and disappear,
And Bards with glowing horoscopes
Oblivion garners year by year:

"But on strong wing, through upper air—
Two worlds beneath, the Old and New,—
The Roman swan is wafted where
The Roman eagles never flew."

We strongly commend the volume to all who desire to get in admirable English verse something of the genuine Horatian atmosphere. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

MR. KINAHAN CORNWALLIS has recently written and published "The Conquest of Mexico and Peru, prefaced by the Discovery of the Pacific"—an historical narrative poem of many thousand lines. Of Mr. Cornwallis's previous monumental work, "The Song of America and Columbus," we have lately spoken. The present volume is simply more—much more of the same kind of thing. To all those who would get at their history in rhymed couplets this work is to be commended. Mr. Cornwallis's serious business is in Wall Street. He seems to be a kind of Pan in Wall Street, a Pan in Pandemonium. His little experiments and amusements in verse—ten or twelve thousand lines at a dash—are done in his hours of leisure. He calls them "Novelties in American Literature." He is correct. They are. (*The Daily Investigator*).—AFTER READING "The Wine of May, and Other Lyrics," by Mr. Fred Lewis Pattee, we conclude that he is rather young and rather loose in his ideas as to what are the elements of good verse. One feels that he is trying to fly without wings. The most promising things in his volume are the sonnets to the months. But his Pastels, —ah! his Pastels. We must let our readers enjoy "After Our Summer."

"We knew that the summer was over, for the calendar told us that September was creeping by; but the days were so bright, and the summer had so quietly melted into autumn, that we could not realize that it was not summer still."

"But the birds were silent now, and the crickets were beginning to chirp mournfully at eventide, and some of the trees by the roadside were getting yellow in their tops. The grapes were coloring, and down in the meadows the maize-fields were Indian villages."

"Yes, we knew it was autumn, yet we tried to delude ourselves. The summer had been so bright for us, such a perfect summer in our lives, that it was almost as if we could not let it go." We refrain from making any comments. (Concord, N. H.: Republican Press Ass'n.)

"EL NUEVO MUNDO" is the title of a long and ambitious poem by Mr. Louis James Block, whose "Dramatic Sketches and Poems" were reviewed in these columns a few months ago. In this new work Mr. Block proves himself capable of handling a theme of rather massive proportions in a very creditable manner. It is a little drawn out, however. Had it been condensed into half its length it would have been twice as good. Moreover, it would have

been improved by the selection of a less awkward stanzaic form. But it is worth while as it is,—serious, ambitious, dignified and not without indications of real poetic strength. (Chas. H. Kerr & Co.)—A VOLUME of verses which, we are told by the author, are the "offspring of solitude—born in idle hours on a Texas ranch," is called "Ranch Verses" and is written by a ranch owner, Mr. William Lawrence Chittenden. The verses are of all sorts, on all subjects, and show the writer to be a man fond of making rhymes. The volume is illustrated. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—AN AMUSING BOOK of verse in Scotch dialect is Mr. James D. Law's "Dreams o' Hame, and Other Poems." The verse does not show any very strong poetic qualities, but occasionally it is lightened up by something akin to humor. Rather the most readable portion of the book is that devoted to a number of "endorsements" from various notable persons here and in England. They, too, are somewhat entertaining: they are politely without point. Mr. Law's present home is in Camden, New Jersey. His "Dreams o' Hame" is brought out by Alex. Gardner, London.

IN THE "Poussière d'Étoiles" of Mlle. Olga de Bézobrazow we really cannot see the forest for the trees—the thought for the words. Of *poussière*, a plenty; but *d'étoiles*! A mystical Russian soul takes the most transparent of linguistic media, the French language, and flounders round in it till it becomes turbid and turgid beyond comparison. There are amatory and exclamatory poems, elegies and apostrophes, chants and invocations, and Cossack songs, all in the same key of frequently ungrammatical French and abounding in addresses to the Infinite, the Ocean, etc. Nearly every poem is dedicated to a separate prince, countess or nobleman, and the whole is prefaced by an extravagant member of the Geneva Institute, who says that "la lyre française a frémi sous ses doigts." Of this we have our doubts—unless we can translate *frémi* into "shuddered." (Paris: A. Saviné.)—THAT A MAN with enough sense of rhythm to compose in verse at all could write nearly 4000 lines without once rising to the level of true poetry, is not inconceivable; but that such a versifier should choose for his subject the most tragic and awful of events known to history, endeavoring to picture the closing hours and crucifixion of Christ, is more surprising. The spirit of piety that pervades the pages of the Rev. Mr. Trego's "The Sacrifice: an Epic" attests an earnest clergyman; and the book, with its full-page portrait of the author as frontispiece, may possibly prove a not unwelcome memento to his parishioners. Paraphrases of the narrative of the Gospels serve only, as a rule, to weaken the effect of the concise and noble language of the original. (Detroit: Smith Publishing Co.)

MR. A. EASTON'S "Mortal Man" is in five reasonably long chapters of rhymed couplets. After a brief argument, it begins:—

"When first man's brain assumed the power of thought,
His reason dawned; experience reason taught,"

and continues in the same strain through about fifty pages. (Chas. H. Kerr & Co.)—THE "LYRICS" of Mr. J. A. Goodchild number sixty-three. They are what may properly be called forced. What is one to say of a "Bird Song" closing with

"Oh, my bird, my bird, my bird,
Oh, my little shy bird;
I and my little dead bird,
And Grief is the third;
And Grief has her song by rote.
The love-note,
But he cannot sing it sweet
Tweet tweet; sweet tweet tweet."

Let the author fulfil the meaning of his name, and stop writing verse—or learn to write it. (London: Horace Cox.)

New Books and New Editions

IN A BRIEF PREFACE Mr. R. S. Dement explains his object in writing his drama "Napoleon," which has just been published in an attractive form. This object was nothing less than "to group the most important events in Napoleon's career, epitomizing his life and elucidating his character, and to bring all within the compass of a play or an hour's reading." This would be no easy task for the most brilliant of analysts or the greatest of literary experts; whereas Mr. Dement has few apparent qualifications for it beyond a personal theory and unlimited enthusiasm for his hero. As drama of any kind, even of the panoramic variety, his work is entirely beyond the limits of practical consideration. To prove this it is only necessary to say that it is written in seven acts, each divided into a number of scenes and tableaux, and calls for the services of forty or more speaking actors, to say nothing of a number of lay figures. It is scarcely of more account as literature, although one or two passages, as for instance Prince Eugene's description of his dream, indicate that the author's fancy is a good deal superior

to his faculty of expression. This probability is suggested also by the soliloquies put into the mouth of Napoleon, which, although not altogether void of force or imagination, are for the most part mere turgid rant. Regarded as a theatrical epitome, the piece shows a certain ingenuity in the introduction of a great variety of personages and incidents, but in the whole mass of material there is neither coherence nor sense of proportion. As to the view taken of Napoleon, all that need be said is that it differs radically from that of any accepted authority on the career and character of the meteoric Corsican. Mr. Dement seems to be conscious of that fact, for he expresses the opinion that the world will come round to his way of thinking by and by. As Hamlet observed, "By and by is easily said." (Chicago: Knight, Leonard & Co.)

"SUB-CÆLUM: a Sky-Built Human World," by A. P. Russell, is, as its sub-title indicates, an excursus into the Utopian field, a characterization of an ideal community. It is not a treatise, it proposes no panacea; it is a fantasy, a pageant unsubstantial. It is light-hearted, good-tempered and human, yet it runs the risk that all such books must run: they may possess an intense interest, or they may fall into a strain of tediousness. The latter danger the author has not wholly avoided. In spite of many bright sayings and of much genial humor, the book lacks the concreteness and the personality of Mr. Russell's other writings. Its interest is not sustained, and the sameness of its style palls on the reader long before the last page is turned. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—HERE IS A "VEST-POCKET" volume that on actual experiment very nearly goes into the pocket of one's waistcoat. The name of the booklet is "Two Soldiers and a Politician"—Wolfe, the first Lord Fenwold and Talleyrand, respectively; and in three short sketches these worthies are characterized. Their imaginary portraits have certainly a life-like air. The author, Mr. Clinton Ross, has a dramatic and telling method, a free and easy style: whether his portraits have the actual lineaments of the models is a matter of small import. He has merely tried to put before us his conception of the three men, and has probably done far better than if he had written three monographs. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

IN THESE DAYS, when one must either know all about a single thing or a little about everything, a book like "The Humor of France," with selections and translations by Miss Elizabeth Lee, is fitted to the times. It is a very pleasant ramble through French literature. The witty Frenchmen, through all the ages, here reveal their character, although Miss Lee says in her preface:—"The airy nothingness, the exquisite grace and fantasy of the best of their work, render translation an impossibility, I had almost written an absurdity." The earlier French writers, however, with their quaint directness and simple style, adapt themselves more easily to our language. Hence it happens that in translation they do not lose nearly so much as the more modern writers. The French of the present day is so highly finished, so perfectly adapted to the expression of the most delicate shades of wit, that our English fails to give an equivalent. In reading a translation of Daudet or Dros, the wine has lost its sparkle, and the wit its point. But Miss Lee has been most happy in her selections. She gives the key-note of each author, from the earliest ones to those of the present day. Her translations are admirable. They show no signs of the Gallicisms that many translations of the French retain. She gives the idea in English form, not a mere literal translation. The biographical dictionary at the end of the book is an excellent addition in which weak memory will rejoice. The publishers of the International Humor Series are to be congratulated on having made so fortunate a selection in Miss Lee, and they will do well if all their other compilers prove as able. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Educational Literature

"A GENERAL OUTLINE of Civil Government," by Clinton D. Higby, Ph.D., is intended for school-work, and its aim is to give a succinct account of civil government in the United States. As a school-book, it can indeed serve as a model, for most of our modern school-books are antiquated, inaccurate and unscientific. Dr. Higby's book is conspicuously devoid of all these faults. It is clearly and tersely written, accurate in statement and up to the level of modern science. Thus, in the opening pages, with a praiseworthy lack of originality, our author follows Burgess's "Political Science and Comparative Constitutional Law" most closely; and later, the ideas of Woodrow Wilson and Bryce are incorporated unchanged into the text. The word praiseworthy was used designedly; for originality is a thing seldom to be desired in school-books, in which the otherwise unintelligible ideas of scientific investigators should be simplified in expression for the immature mind. Occasionally we meet a crude idea, such as springs from an inadequate conception of the theory of sovereignty; but for the purpose in view, the

book deserves naught but praise. Nor should it be used merely in the school-room, for the mass of useful and well-arranged information it contains will render it a valuable book of reference. (Lee & Shepard.)—"HANDY HELPS in the History and Literature of the United States," by Annie E. Wilson, is the title of a little work which will be convenient for pupils of the preparatory grade, for whose use chronological tables and reference lists are desired in separate form. The tables of contemporary events, embracing names of foreign rulers and mention of notable occurrences, is the most valuable feature, and will assist the learner in linking with the particular dates to be memorized events that have some bearing on general history. (Louisville: John P. Morton & Co.)

WE HOPE SOME day to see a child's history that will suppress many of the horrible scenes which are so painful to the childish imagination. John Bonner's "Child's History of France" is no exception to the rule in this particular. But, apart from that, it is a brightly-written story, dealing with the incidents and traits of men that are easiest to remember. It is wisely planned in paying especial attention to those characters which, for their character and ability, will be most interesting for study in later reading, and in giving a charitable, and generally a just, estimate of each. Cause and effect are traced along the years, and made as clear as it is easy to make them to the youthful understanding. We could wish that for the sake of clearness and the fixing of different periods, more mention were made of contemporary rulers; thus, nothing is said of Frederick the Great, nor of the French interference in the wars of Maria Theresa; no notice is taken of Blenheim and Marlborough; and Marshal Saxe, a most fascinating character, is not alluded to. The illustrations are antique in style, but the binding and printing are of a kind very attractive to the class of readers for which the book is intended. (Harper & Bros.)

ASIATIC HISTORY cannot, as a rule, be made interesting to the average Western reader, unless it is shown to be human history which, at bottom, is a history of such human nature as exists west as well as east of the Hellespont. Those who have been looking for a history of ancient India, written in the style at which we have hinted, will not be disappointed in the delightful little handbook entitled "Ancient India: 3000 B. C.—800 A. D." The author, Romesh Chunder Dutt, has already published a valuable history of civilization in ancient India. The present book is equipped for the student by a well-colored and shaded map of India, illustrating its physical features at a glance, together with a very careful index. The text is in excellent English and is full of the enthusiasm of a native who believes that some good things have come out of India for the benefit of the race. The various ages—the Vedic, Epic, Rationalistic, Buddhist and Puranic—are all sketched with a master hand. The author never loses sight of the fact that India is pre-eminently a land of thought, of religion, of antiquity. He therefore tells us about manners and laws, customs and ideas, architecture and arts, science and literature, as well as of the march of armies and the changes of dynasty. The sketch of Buddhism is exceedingly interesting, but that of the ancient literature none the less so. In a word, here is a handy little book on the history of India, written from an "inside" point of view. We are pleased to notice that four other monographs on the epochs of Indian history have been projected by the same publishers. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

A BRIEF, COMPACT and handy manual of the beginnings of our country south of Mason and Dixon's line is to be found in "The Making of Virginia and the Middle Colonies"—the third in an excellent series by Samuel Adams Drake. It is unusually well illustrated, most of the pictures being taken from original sources or drawn with great intelligence and historic knowledge. There are valuable and suggestive notes, and the author has not scorned to furnish an excellent index, so that the work becomes a valuable companion for the school or home instructor. The five chapters treat of the English in Virginia, the English in Maryland, the Great Iroquois League, the Dutch on Manhattan Island and the Dutch, Swedes and English on the Delaware. One-third of the work is very properly devoted to Virginia and Maryland, and the author does justice to the Indians by contributing a chapter treating of the Iroquois country and Nation and the life of these forest statesmen and warriors. In his chapter on New York, however, he hardly gets out of the beaten and well-rutted track. He complains that so little of the details of the early life of the Dutch settlers is known; but this is no excuse for a historian who pretends to write of the men who came from a republic which was fighting a long war of independence, and who laid the foundations of the Empire State. As usual with writers unfamiliar with the Dutch records, he devotes the greater part of the story to the Patroons and their semi-feudal following, largely neglecting

the people who really made the colony and State. One would get the idea from his pages that the fifty years of Dutch rule were largely occupied with Indian wars, whereas these troubles were almost entirely in the southern part of the colony, and for a comparatively short time, while in the north there was profound peace. The only mention of the founder of the League of Peace with the Iroquois, Arendt van Curler (as he wrote his own name in thousands of papers at Albany), is in a note, and then the name is given in the French or foreign way, "Corlaer." His great work and his mighty influence through that League, which helped so potently to secure America for Germanic instead of Latin ideas, is hardly spoken of. The chapter on Pennsylvania is fairly written, but little hint is given of the fact that Pennsylvania was founded by the son of a Dutchwoman, and that most of the peculiarly liberal ideas of the founder were borrowed from Holland. Further, there is scarcely a hint of the great work done by the Pennsylvania Germans in creating the anti-slavery sentiment of the United States and in forwarding those works of culture and education which have helped to make the nation. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

THOUGH THE WHOLE discussion may be said to be in the air, with no solid ground-work of fact to go upon, students of biology will find Mr. George J. Romanes's "Examination of Weissmannism" readable and interesting. And those who love a well-conducted argument for its own sake will take perhaps the same pleasure in following the construction of the Weissmannian edifice as in watching its careful and artistic destruction by Mr. Romanes, who is as anxious to "save the pieces" as the most acute *démolisseur* of eighteenth-century mansions. The pleasure of this class of readers will be but doubled by the fact that the Weissmannian theory has undergone an almost radical change since Mr. Romanes wrote the first part of his criticism. As the German professor's system now stands it differs little in essentials from Galton's, and may be described as an elaborately finished scheme based on principles which are generally admitted as probable. But, as his critic shows, this does not imply an equal probability in the scheme itself, for it is only one of several which might be worked out from the same premises. Mr. Romanes admires part of this scheme as a beautiful work of art, at most points consistent with itself but perhaps not always consistent with fact. (Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co.)

The Lounger

THE HUMOR OF THE author of "My Double and How He Undid Me" crops out in a short paper by Dr. Edward Everett Hale, on the subject of his literary methods, which is published in *The Writer*. Three hours a day is as much desk-work as a man-of-letters should try for, Dr. Hale thinks, though in his newspaper days he worked as many as twelve without resting. But for a literary man, three *uninterrupted* hours are sufficient. Note the italics!

"As men live, with the telegraph and the telephone interrupting when they choose, and this fool and that coming in when they choose to say, 'I do not want to interrupt you; I will only take a moment,' the great difficulty is to hold your three hours without a break. If a man has broken my mirror, I do not thank him for leaving the pieces next each other; he has spoiled it, and he may carry them ten miles apart if he chooses. So, if a fool comes in and breaks my time in two, he may stay if he wants to; he is none the less a fool. What I want for work is unbroken time. This is best secured early in the morning."

* * *

ALTHOUGH HE dislikes early rising and doesn't believe that "there is any moral merit in it," Dr. Hale has become an early riser simply as a matter of self-protection. He likes to put in an hour's work before breakfast, for he does not count as a breakfast the cup of coffee and soda-biscuit he has upon rising. The meal that follows closely upon this is a hearty one. "If you rise at a quarter past six," says this indefatigable worker, "there will be comparatively few map-peddlers, or-book agents, or secretaries of charities, or jailbirds, who will call before eight. The hour from 6.30 to 7.30 is that of which you are most sure. Even the mother-in-law or the mother of your wife's sister's husband does not come then to say that she should like some light work with a large salary, as matron in an institution where there is nothing to do."

* * *

DR. HALE SAYS that "the business of writing is the most exhausting known to man"; so he recommends you to "steadily feed the machine with fuel." He advises five meals a day—and something hot on the stove to be sipped between times; such as coffee and milk, beef-tea or clam-chowder; and he insists that you should never go to bed hungry. I should not think that there was much chance of it with such a round of feasting. Sleep is another

thing that Dr. Hale recommends. He always sleeps nine out of the twenty-four hours, and ten if he can, and after dinner he naps for an hour—"if people will only stay away; and I am much more fond of the people who keep away from me at that time than I am of the people who visit me." Taking such care of himself, it is no wonder that the good Doctor is as hearty as he is Hale.

SOMEONE HAS SUGGESTED a use for Patent Office Reports: "Make scrap-books of them; you can get them for nothing," says this shrewd writer, and, as they are uniform in size, they "look well in orderly array" upon your shelves. Now that a use is found for these Reports, who will find a use for scrap books? Can anyone tell me whether he has ever been repaid for the time spent in keeping them, not to mention the terrible anxiety of having neglected something he should have pasted in? I am well on in years, but I have found life too short for scrap-book-making. When I was young and enthusiastic, and thought that time was made for slaves, I began a most comprehensive series of scrap-books; but I soon discontinued them. They weighed upon my mind as nothing has done since. I was always oppressed by a sense of work undone. I never read a paper or a magazine that I did not find something that should have gone into my books, but that never got into them. They were a constant menace and reproach, and finally I made a bundle of them and sent them off to Bangs's auction-rooms, where I suppose some "collector" paid a good price for them and carried them home in great glee. But he did not feel half the glee in their acquirement that I felt in getting rid of them.

I LEARN FROM that indisputable authority, *Vogue*, that to be well-read is one of the latest of fashion's requirements, and that if you are not well-read, it is just as fashionable to make believe you are. Here are the very words of fashion's fiat:—

"One of the latest fads is to pose as being very well-read and extremely cultivated, and desperate are the struggles of those social aspirants whose early education has been neglected. One *discreet*, who boasted of having read an incalculable number of books, was much annoyed, the other day, at being told by some admirer of a mathematical turn of mind that, reducing the years she had lived to minutes, she could not have read half the number of books she had mentioned. Still, is not the fancy a harmless one, and productive of much more good than many others which have been, in their turn, taken up and dropped?"

Now I wish to make a practical suggestion, which is that these fashionable people can save themselves much time and trouble by reading *The Critic*, for there they are not only told what books to read but, as an enthusiastic lady once remarked, "what to think of them after they are read."

A GRAND-DAUGHTER of Nathaniel Hawthorne, Mr. Julian Hawthorne's daughter Hildegard, appears to have inherited somewhat of her grandfather's literary gift. Two or three years ago she handed to her father a manuscript of about a thousand words, in which a ghost-story of a rather novel sort was told. Mr. Hawthorne was struck by its cleverness, and had it copied on a type-writer. The editor of *Harper's Monthly* was equally impressed by it, and sent \$50 to the author. When Mr. Hawthorne handed the check to his daughter, she had been wondering what he had done with her manuscript and why he had said nothing to her about it. The check explained matters entirely to her satisfaction. The story appeared in the magazine under the title of "A Legend of Sonora." Coming home from the World's Fair some weeks ago, Miss Hawthorne noticed an advertisement of a prize of \$100 offered by *Current Literature* for the best short story of the Fair. She sent the editor an article containing about two thousand words and won the prize. The editor said that there had not been a moment's question of the superiority of her manuscript to all the others his advertisement had called forth. Now, I hear, the young lady has written a novelette called "The Fairest of the Fair," in which she gives in light and airy fashion a girl's impressions of the White City. Who will be its publisher I do not know.

MR. HAWTHORNE and his wife and children are about to leave America for good and all. They have given up their home at Sag Harbor, Long Island, and will sail for Jamaica on December 2. For the present they have leased a house on the hillside some six miles above Kingston—the house that was occupied by Prof. Froude on his visit to the West Indian island. While there they will look about for a permanent place of abode. One can write fiction as well in Jamaica as in New York, and sell it here almost as easily; and one can raise fruit there, as the Hawthornes mean to do, a great deal better than in this inclement clime. I fancy Mr. Hawthorne will let his son, who is a practical farmer, do the fruit-raising, while he himself continues to weave romances, free from

the distractions incident to life near a great metropolis. His daughter, too, will doubtless cultivate her gift of story-telling.

WITH ITS JANUARY number, *Lippincott's Magazine* will begin the publication of a serial, in addition to the "complete novel" that forms a distinctive feature of each number. Its title is a good one—"The Trespasser." In England the novelette will be published by Arrowsmith. Gilbert Parker, the Canadian-English story-writer, is the author of the serial, which will run through half a dozen numbers. Mr. Parker, who arrived in this city two or three weeks ago, has gone to Toronto. He will spend the winter in Mexico, not so much with a view to obtaining local color for a romance, as for the pleasure of studying at leisure a peculiar aspect of the Latin civilization.

IN A MUCH-QUOTED address on journalism, delivered at Union College, on the 13th of last month, Mr. Charles A. Dana recommended the reading of Milton's "Areopagitica," or "Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing." "It is," said Mr. Dana, "a treasury of the highest wisdom, of the noblest sentiments and of the greatest instruction; study that, and you will get at once the philosophy of English liberty and the highest doctrine that has ever been promulgated, with my knowledge, with regard to the freedom of the press." Yes, study it indeed, and with Lowell's delightful introduction, if you are fortunate enough to have the edition printed by the Grolier Club. Only three hundred copies or so were printed, and none but members of the Grolier are supposed to have them. They were published at \$10; but if you happened to find a copy in a book-store to-day, you would probably have to pay \$80 or \$100 for it.

"MR. SWINBURNE has had printed—for private circulation only," says *The Bookman*, "a few copies of one of his finest poems, 'Grace Darling.'" It is printed in large type on hand-made paper and bound in white vellum. In the opinion of some wise critics, Mr. Lowell among the number, it would have been well if more of Mr. Swinburne's poems had been printed "for private circulation only."

THERE IS NO END to the enterprises of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome. He is always at something—writing a book or writing a play, publishing a monthly magazine or publishing books. People might think that with all these things on his hands he would be busy enough, but they do not know him. Having successfully launched several other publishing businesses, he has now plunged into the maelstrom with a new weekly "magazine journal," *To-Day*, which will have R. L. Stevenson and Bret Harte among the contributors to its first issues. (See London Letter, page 324.)

"A Woman's Library"

WE CLIP the following paragraph from the illustrated *Buffalo Express* of Oct. 22:—

"Readers of *The Critic* frequently find in its bright pages something good by Mr. Irving Browne. The pleasure lies not merely in the appearance of Mr. Browne in *The Critic*, but in the fact that there's a good deal of the critic in Mr. Browne. He is the Andrew Lang of Buffalo. Behold, ye literary-class women, how he has found you all out and smilingly holds you up to the gaze of the multitude; for thus does he write, in *The Critic*, of 'A Woman's Library' [Oct. 21]. Like as not there is somewhere just a woman or so with a 'library' who will read these clever verses, and smile, and sniff—a well-bred, prettily-done sniff, more in toleration than in anger—and address herself to the poet in this wise:—'Pray, sir, what sort of a library would you that a woman should have? Are not *éditions de luxe* at least good furniture? And the other accessories—what's the matter with them? Your jokes about Jupiter and Io are in very poor taste, but I dare say you made them because you couldn't find a rhyme to Io. I understand perfectly your slur at Tupper and 'Lucile.' As for Tupper, if people, and especially men, read him more, they would have more respect for him. I am free to admit that I think he says a great many things which are obviously just and true, and so helpful. As to 'Lucile,' of course every mature woman, especially if she has studied better poetry, like Browning, for instance, has outgrown 'Lucile,' but is that any reason why she should banish it from her library? For myself, I frequently take down my copy, which I fairly doted on when I was a girl, and in reading it quite forget myself and the sterner studies of life. There's nothing like an hour spent with 'Lucile,' now and then, to show me how I have grown away from that sort of literature. I maintain that such a reminder of one's earlier stages of development in taste may well have a place in a lady's library. And if women may not meet to analyze 'Ibsen and Browning,' pray, what shall we do with them; or who is there better worth our while to know thoroughly?"

Francis Parkman

THE DEATH OF Francis Parkman at his home in Jamaica Plain, a suburb of Boston, on Thursday, Nov. 11, removes an eminent man-of-letters whose fame had been growing for many years past and is sure to continue growing for many years to come. The theme he chose long since for treatment in a series of monographs—the struggle of the French and English for dominion in America—was a large one, but not too large for the philosophical grasp of its historian. It was a fascinating theme, and it lost nothing of its charm in his

dramatic, picturesque presentation of its incidents, large or small. Nor do his pages fail—as those of other brilliant chroniclers so often fail—to bring to light the simple truth, its lineaments undistorted by political or other prejudice, its tints not unduly heightened by the word-painter's art. Detailed criticism of the series of works beginning in 1847, with "The Oregon Trail" and closing with "A Half-Century of Conflict," in 1892, is not called for to-day—the volumes are too familiar to need that; but it is well to recognize, in general terms, the self-denying steadfastness of the historian in accumulating his matériel, and the candor, correctness and brilliancy of his treatment of that

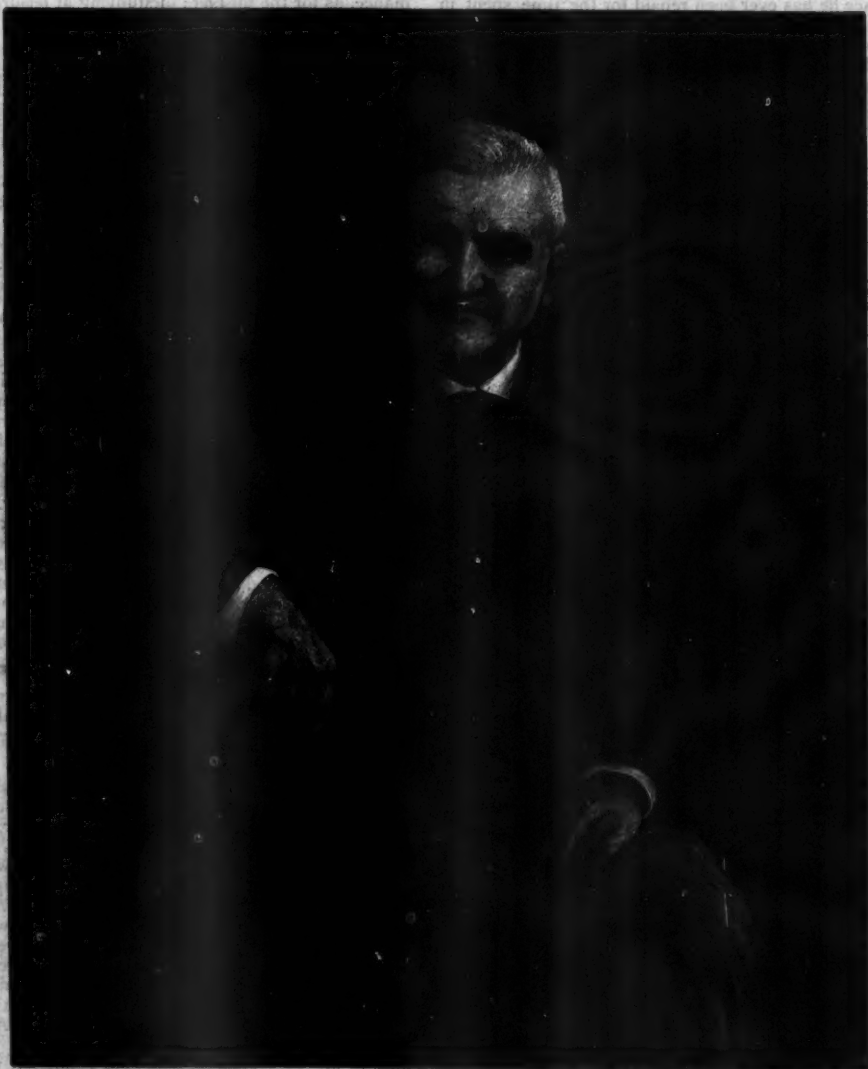
material when he had gathered it. The veriest dryasdust might emulate his persistency of research, while the composer of historical romances must envy the literary charm he succeeded in imparting to his most truthful writings.

From an interesting article entitled "Francis Parkman in Jamaica Plain and Boston," written by Charles H. Farnham, for *The Critic* of 27 Feb., 1886, and afterwards included in the volume of "Authors at Home," we reproduce the closing paragraph:—

"Mr. Parkman's experience offers a valuable and encouraging example in the history of literature. On the one side he had poor health and poor sight for a vast amount of labor; on the other he had money, time, capacity, a tough, sinewy physique, a resistant,

calm, cheerful temper, and an indomitable perseverance and ambition. As in some other cases, his disabilities seem to have been negative advantages, if we may judge by his productions; for his frequent illnesses, by retarding his labors, increased his years and experience before production, and forced the growth of departments of knowledge generally neglected by students. He was led to give equal attention to observing nature, studying men and digesting evidence. His studies and manual labors in horticulture and his practical familiarity with forest-life and frontier-life quickened his sympathy with nature. His extensive travels gave him a wide knowledge of life, manners and customs, from the wigwam to the palace. Far from being a recluse, he has always been a man of

the world, often locked out of his closet and led into practical and public interests (for six years he has been President of the St. Botolph Club of Boston, and for eleven years one of the seven members of the Corporation of Harvard University); and he is naturally a student of men, and a keen observer of character and motives. His discouraging interruptions from literary labor, while not often stopping the above studies, forced upon him time for reflection, for weighing the evidence he collected, and for perfecting the form of his works. Doubtless human achievements do proceed from sources more interior than exterior; but the circumstances of Mr. Parkman's life must have conduced to the realism, strength and picturesqueness of his descriptions; to the distinctness of his characters, their motives and actions; to the thoroughness of his investigations; and to the impartiality of



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FRANCIS PARKMAN

judgment and the truth of perspective in his histories."

Francis Parkman was born on the 16th of September, 1823, his natal place being Boston—which was also the birthplace of his great-grandfather, the Rev. Ebenezer Parkman, a Harvard graduate, who served for fifty-eight years as the first Congregational minister at Westborough, Mass. From his grandfather, Samuel Parkman, merchant, the historian inherited not only a fair share of this world's goods, but a love of flowers which amounted almost to a passion. His father was the Rev. Francis Parkman (Harvard, 1807); and the respect for learning that had already become traditional in the family when the son was born is commemorated by two professorships at the Cambridge university.

From the age of eight to twelve, young Parkman was allowed to recruit a naturally delicate constitution, by roaming the fields and woods (still wild) in the neighborhood of his maternal grandmother's home, at Medford, Mass. From the school since known as Chauncy Hall, he passed, at seventeen, to Harvard College, where, in his sophomore year, he conceived the plan of writing a history of the French and Indian War. His vacations were spent adventurously and in a way to familiarize him with the scenery amid which the actors in his drama had moved. Before his graduation he visited Rome, and lived for a while in a monastery of the Redemptorist Fathers. After leaving college (1844) and reading law for two dull years, he went to the remote West, and passed the summer hunting with the Indians and living as one of them. His health had been seriously threatened by an accident in the gymnasium at Harvard, three years before; but the voyage to Europe had reinvigorated him. The hardships of this Western experience, however, undid the benefits of that studious holiday, and permanently impaired his strength. In after years a malady of the eyes made the use of them "often impossible and at best precarious"; so that he was forced to rely, to an extent that must have discouraged any less determined spirit, upon the aid of copyists and amanuenses.

The first-fruits of Mr. Parkman's sojourn among the Indians were seen in the *Knickerbocker Magazine* sketches, gathered up in 1847, in the volume now entitled "The Oregon Trail," of which the ninth edition appeared last year; but the knowledge of Indian character and habits acquired on this trip was one of the author's peculiar qualifications for his life-task. The dates of his various publications indicate how little he heeded, in determining the order in which he should describe them, the chronological sequence of the events he set himself to chronicle. Thus, the closing scenes of the Franco-English struggle are pictured in the two volumes which initiated the series: "The Conspiracy of Pontiac" (1851). The other works, as published, were the "Pioneers of France in the New World" (1865), "The Jesuits in North America" (1867), "The Discovery of the Great West" (1869), "The Old Régime in Canada" (1874), "Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV." (1877), "Montcalm and Wolfe" (1884) and "A Half-Century of Conflict" (1892). Two works omitted from this list were "A Book of Roses" (1866) and "Vassall Morton" (1856)—a not very successful attempt at fiction. The *lilium Parkmanni* is one of the varieties of flowers which this amateur originated by hybridization. Mr. Parkman was a contributor to *The Atlantic Monthly*, *The North American Review* and *The Nation*. For *The Critic* (31 Oct., 1885) he wrote an exceedingly interesting paper on the "Revocation of the Edict of Nantes," apropos of the two-hundredth anniversary of that "act of bigoted tyranny."

The last piece of writing prepared for publication by Mr. Lowell was an introduction to a paper on Francis Parkman, designed for *The Century*. The fragment appeared in the magazine for November, 1892, where it was accompanied by the portrait reproduced herewith. As the reader will see from the brief paragraphs which follow, Mr. Lowell never wrote more felicitously than in this swan-song of critical prose:—

"It is rare, indeed, to find, as they are found in him, a passion for the picturesque and a native predilection for rapidity and dash of movement, in helpful society with patience in drudgery and a scrupulous deference to the rights of facts, however disconcerting, as at least sleeping-partners in the business of history. Though never putting on the airs of the philosophic historian, or assuming his privilege to be tiresome, Mr. Parkman never loses sight of those links of cause and effect, whether to be sought in political theory, religious belief, or mortal incompleteness, which give to the story of Man a moral, and reduce the fortuitous to the narrow limits where it properly belongs.

There was a time, perhaps more fortunate than ours, when *Clio*, if her own stylus seemed too blunt, borrowed that of Calliope, that she might submit the shews of things to the desires of the mind, and give an epic completeness to her story. Nature had

not yet refused her sympathy to men of heroic breed, and earth still shuddered, sun and moon still veiled their faces at the right tragical crisis. The historian could then draw on the accumulated fancy of mankind in the legend, or on the sympathy of old religion in the myth. He was not only permitted, but it was a prime function of his office that he should fuse together and stamp in one shining medal of ideal truth all that shabby small change of particulars, each bearing her debased and diminished image, which we in our day are compelled to accept as an equivalent. Then the expected word was always spoken by the right man at the culminating moment, while now it is only when Fortune sends us a master of speech like Lincoln that we cease to regret the princely largeness of Thucydides, Livy and Tacitus."

For an account of Mr. Parkman's fatal illness and funeral, see Boston Letter on page 374. J. B. G.

Mark Twain at the Lotos

MARK TWAIN was the guest of honor, last Saturday night, at the first dinner given by the Lotos Club in its new home, in Fifth Avenue near 45th Street. At the table with Mr. Clemens, who has been a member of the Club for at least twenty years, were seated William Dean Howells, Charles Dudley Warner, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Richard Watson Gilder, Gen. Horace Porter, Charles A. Dana, Andrew Carnegie, John Brisben Walker, Seth Low and St. Clair McKelway. In addition to these were nearly 200 other men well known in social, business, literary and artistic circles. After dinner, President Frank R. Lawrence introduced the guest of the evening with a few well-chosen allusions. Mark Twain made two speeches, abounding with his peculiar humor. The other speakers made him the target of many jests, which were appreciated by none more keenly than by himself.

"I have seldom in my lifetime," said Mr. Clemens, "listened to compliments more felicitous, or praise so well deserved. I return thanks for them from a full heart and in an appreciative spirit, and I will say in self-defense that, while I am charged with having no reverence for anything, I have a reverence for a man who can say such things as you just said, President. And I also have a reverence, deep and sincere, for a club that can confer upon one so consecratedly deserving such a distinguished tribute of respect. To be the chief guest on an occasion like this is something to be envied, and if I read human nature correctly to-night, I am envied."

Mark Twain was followed by Charles Dudley Warner—his next-door neighbor when he is at home in Hartford,—Charles A. Dana, editor of *The Sun*; President Low of Columbia, Edmund Clarence Stedman, St. Clair McKelway, editor of the *Brooklyn Eagle*; Gen. Horace Porter and R. W. Gilder, editor of *The Century*. A telegram was read, in which Henry Irving regretted his absence at the theatre, and conveyed "salutations and greetings to my old and honored friend, Mark Twain, and to the Lotos Club, with its supreme good-fellowship."

Mr. Stedman was called up late, after a most comical and uproarious series of speeches. He began humorously, of course—speaking of his feeling of brotherhood with Mr. Clemens as a Hartford man, Mr. Clemens and Mr. Warner having taken up their abode in his native city in the joint effort to fill his place. To make it easier for them, he had left Hartford in early childhood. He spoke of his sympathy with Mark Twain as a fellow business-man, even though a publisher, and said that the latter attended to business much as he himself did—by keeping away from it; and so it succeeded, very much as pins saved boys' lives, according to the school composition, "by not being swallowed." Then he paid his tribute to Mark Twain's world-wide fame, and found it well-deserved, being grounded in his unique genius, and the peculiarly American accuracy with which he expressed that genius exactly as it was. Imitating none, he feared no imitator. Mr. Stedman confessed that not until Mark Twain had been writing for years, had he realized that the humorist was a skillful man-of-letters and a most original author. He was first converted by that exquisite story, perfect as a work of art, and full of humor and pathos and humanity, "The Prince and the Pauper." He knew nothing more dramatic in any modern book than the final chapter in "Huckleberry Finn," and the death of poor little Buck, the last of his race. In saying that Twain was a great humorist, he meant that, like all strong displayers of life, he was comedian and tragedian in one; as noble humor is that which makes us weep, yet smile through our tears. He had often found breaks in good taste, and Rabelaisian "irreverence" in Mark Twain's work; but he found (in his later books, especially) an ardent reverence for humanity—for the rights and happiness of the people. By this he was led to consider him with Howells, whose noblest work was his latest. Versatile as Mr. Howells had been, and finely intellectual, he now showed us his heart, and expressed his altruistic convictions with

an ardor that excited Mr. Stedman's profound admiration. The writings of both Clemens and Howells are what American literature should be, for the progress of our people must be by a leveling-up of the multitude to higher conditions.

London Letter

THE ENGLISH TRANSLATION of M. Emile Michel's study of "Rembrandt" is now ready in its Japanese-paper edition—and a singularly sumptuous book it is. There are 150 copies for England and fifty for America, the English edition being issued by Mr. William Heinemann, the American by Charles Scribner's Sons. The translation is by Miss Florence Simmonds, and the work has been superintended and edited by Mr. Frederick Wedmore. As Mr. Wedmore is probably better known in this country than upon the other side, and as this Rembrandt book will certainly attract a good deal of attention in New York, it occurred to me that readers of *The Critic* might possibly be interested in hearing a little about its English editor.

Mr. Frederick Wedmore is principally known in England as the art-critic of *The Standard*, and the dramatic critic of "The Academy," but he has by no means confined his attention to analytic work alone. His earliest attempts in literature were in the line of fiction, and he has recently, in his little volume "Renunciations," made a successful return to his first love; indeed, from the appearance of other stories from his pen, in the illustrated papers, during the last few months, it seems as though he were contemplating a continuous output of fiction. Mr. Wedmore served an early apprenticeship to journalism. He was born at Clifton, Bristol, in the summer of 1844, and, after an education at private schools and some finishing touches upon the Continent, joined the staff of the *Bristol Times* at the age of nineteen. After some three years' work there, he made his first appearance as a novelist, and in 1871 published "A Snap! Gold Ring," a book in which there are many examples of that clever aptitude for saying the "telling" thing which has characterized so much of his later work. In 1876 he joined *The Standard* as art-critic, a post to which his "Studies in English Art" had recommended him. A year later appeared "Pastorals of France," a new edition of which, printed together with "Renunciations," has just appeared. In the interval of sixteen years his work has been mainly critical: so much so that, when "Renunciations" appeared last year, many reviewers treated it as its author's first venture as a novelist. No doubt, Mr. Wedmore will see to it that we have not time to forget again.

To return, for a moment, to the Rembrandt book, it may be of interest to add that so careful and elaborate is the process of its production that in the first binding order there were more than 160,000 pastings. The buyer little thinks how much labor goes to the making of a book.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome is off upon another tack; truly his versatility is enormous. This day week is to see the appearance of a new weekly paper under his editorship—a paper, we are promised, unlike anything that has ever appeared before. Pressed for a more definite forecast, the management is understood to have admitted that *To-Day* is to combine the characteristics of a high-class magazine with the frivolities of an up-to-date journal. And all this at two-pence a week! At any rate, Mr. Stevenson's new story, "The Ebb-Tide," is to begin with the first number, and among the contributors already secured are Rudyard Kipling, Bret Harte, Clark Russell, Miss Braddon, Barry Pain, Zangwill and a host of others. To the first number Mr. Jerome will contribute No. 1 of a series of "Characterescapes" (what an unutterable word!)—little miniatures in humor, such as his admirers delight in. Mr. Conan Doyle will also send a poem—from its title presumably a song about golf: and there is to be an article called "The Diary of the late editor of *The Morning Post*." Perhaps some day Mr. Jerome will publish extracts from his own diary: for, if he has kept one, it ought to be full of entertainment. His versatility and his resource are illimitable; and his impressions and experiences ought to be more amusing than his books.

The most original feature, however, in connection with *To-Day* is the announcement that no story which appears serially in its columns will be published in book-form within six months of its conclusion in the magazine. This is a very knowing move on Mr. Jerome's part. So many people, when they hear that a story by a well-known writer is being printed in this or that magazine, say carelessly:—"Oh I sha'n't buy the paper. I shall wait till the book is published"; which it always is, of course, just before the serial finishes. But now, readers who want to be up to date with current fiction will be obliged to buy *To-Day*. The idea is the cleverer, because it must have caused many searchings of heart to authors, and must have required no little persuasion on Mr. Jerome's part. For to lock up capital for six months is a serious consideration in these days of hard living, and that is what half a year's delay practically means. Publishers are not wont to

pay so far in advance for matter which must lie idle in their safe, and the author is thus deprived of six months' interest on his capital. Be this as it may, Mr. Jerome's plan is an ingenuity of journalism which ought to send many readers to the pages of his new paper.

I have on my table what purports (surely without exaggeration) to be the smallest dictionary in the world. It is enclosed in a little tin case, decidedly smaller than a wax match-box, and measures less than an inch in height and a quarter of an inch in thickness. Yet it contains 384 pages of close print, including, "besides the ordinary and newest words in the language, short explanations of a large number of scientific, philosophical, literary and technical terms." For frontispiece there is a tiny portrait of Dr. Johnson. Needless to say, it requires an unusually good sight to read the print with the naked eye, and so the front cover of the tin-case is fitted with a circular magnifying glass, behind which, with some little difficulty in handling, the task becomes easier. It is published by David Bryce & Sons of Glasgow, and the copy which I have is one of the very first impressions struck off. Such a dainty should appeal to Sir Charles Elton and other collectors of small volumes. Indeed, it already appears to be known to Mrs. Kendal, to whom it is dedicated "in appreciation of kindly encouragement given to the production of tiny articles, of which she has a unique collection." One ought in fairness to add the printer's name: Mr. Robert Maclehouse of 153 West Nile Street, Glasgow. He has certainly produced a remarkable example of the possibilities of type-setting.

The Contemporary Review of November contains a very interesting article on "Dramatic Criticism," by Mr. W. L. Courtney, in which the writer is at some pains to defend the dramatic critic from the accusation of careless and incompetent work to which he is continually subjected. Mr. Courtney ought to know his subject: for, at the time of the building of the Oxford Theatre, which I mentioned last week, he, being then a Fellow and Tutor of New College, was one of the first of the dons to support Mr. Adderley in his scheme. Since then Mr. Courtney has left Oxford and joined *The Daily Telegraph* in an editorial capacity, and, I believe, during Mr. Clement Scott's absence in America, did a good deal of the theatrical criticism for that paper. It is, of course, absurd to quarrel with the critic of a daily paper because his account of a play is little more than a report; seeing that it is just the desire of the public for information that weighs down his pen: but there can be no question that, so far as we have dramatic criticism in any degree of excellence, we have it in the weekly papers, whose contributors have time to consider before they put pen to paper. Even Mr. Walkley is more interesting and more penetrative in *The Speaker*, after reflection, than in *The Star*, where his impressions are in the rough. Probably no final judgment can ever be pronounced off-hand: second thoughts, if not invariably best, are at least necessary as a make-weight.

LONDON, 3 Nov., 1893.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Boston Letter

THE DEATH of Francis Parkman seemed sudden to his friends, although they had known for more than a year that it might come at any time. Of late he had appeared in fairly good health, considering his infirmity, and, as I wrote in a recent letter, spoke very brightly about his plans for removal to Newcastle, after his present home at Jamaica Plain should be torn down by the Park Commissioners. He said then that it would be a sad blow for him to leave the house he loved so well. He was not obliged to leave it in life. His death occurred last Wednesday afternoon, peritonitis being the immediate cause. As long ago as last Christmas it was thought that Mr. Parkman could not survive another week, his health being much enfeebled by rheumatism and other ailments. But he rallied and was getting along comfortably when his last illness came upon him and proved too much for his weakened condition. On the 16th of September he celebrated quietly his seventieth birthday. About two weeks later he was taken seriously ill, and when, on Wednesday last, his physician was summoned, it was seen at once that the end was at hand, and friends and relatives gathered about the bedside.

At the funeral, held on Saturday in King's Chapel, a notable gathering of distinguished men paid tribute to their friend and associate. The venerable Robert C. Winthrop, came from his Marlborough Street home, to sit in the old stone church in Tremont Street. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes and Dr. Edward Everett Hale were also there, forming with Mr. Winthrop the same notable trio seen at the recent funeral of Bishop Brooks. The Rev. Dr. George E. Ellis, who will probably be the biographer of Parkman, and Dr. Samuel A. Green of the Massachusetts Historical Society were present, together with Lieut.-Gov. Wolcott, Judge Hoar, Prof. Fenollosa, Wendell, Goodwin, Dunbar and Charles Eliot Norton of Harvard College, besides Col. Thomas W. Higginson and Major

Henry L. Higginson, Capt. Nathan Appleton, the Hon. Mellen Chamberlain, late Librarian of the Boston Public Library, Mr. Horace E. Scudder, editor of *The Atlantic*, Robert Treat Paine and Col. Henry Lee. The pall-bearers were Judge Lowell, Edmund Wheelwright, Martin Brimmer, Charles S. Sargent, D. D. Slade, John Quincy Adams and George S. Hale. The ushers, all relatives of Mr. Parkman, were Henry Parkman, W. P. Blake, Parkman Blake, Henry S. Grew and W. W. Vaughan. The interment was at Mt. Auburn.

In the Library of the Massachusetts Historical Society now lie the manuscripts over which Parkman worked in compiling his magnificent history, and it is to be presumed that the addresses at the next meeting of the Society will be memorials in his honor. At the meeting last week, Dr. Ellis took occasion to make a few impromptu remarks in memory of the Society's First Vice-President who had passed away the day before. Dr. Ellis was his most intimate friend, and almost weekly sat with the historian at his home, following with keen interest and with helpful aid the reading of the manuscripts and proof-sheets. The chief impression made upon him by the historian, he declared to the members of the Society, was deep admiration for his patient persistency, his Spartan heroism, his ever-conquering cheerfulness and his consummate richness of tone and style, by which he made the forest wilderness, its red denizens and its white intruders and explorers arrange themselves in panoramas of scenic grandeur and human adventure. "He won and will keep his place of highest distinction in dealing with the theme of most transcendent interest in the history of our Continent, and investing it with all the grace and charm of veritability," said the speaker. Then Dr. Ellis, holding up a close-sealed package which seemed to contain several sheets of manuscript, told the members that that parcel had been committed to his keeping when Parkman was preparing to cross the ocean, on one of his many voyages. The parcel bears the date 1868 and is inscribed "not to be opened during my life." That package Mr. Parkman never reclaimed and Dr. Ellis never broke the seal. From a hint dropped by the historian, his friend supposed that its contents were biographical, and it seemed to have been confided to him with the misgiving that the voyager would never return. We may presume that at the next meeting his friends will be informed of the contents of the package.

There is no need for me to write, here of the work of Francis Parkman. The wonderful beauty of his historical narratives is known to every reader, and the trials under which he obtained his information and prepared it for the press are equally a matter of history. I may add here, however, a few words about his family in order to present certain less-known points. His uncle, Eliot Parkman, was killed in the Rebellion. One sister married the Rev. John Corder and another, unmarried (Elizabeth), lived with the historian, and cared for him until his death. His wife died thirty-five years ago, leaving two daughters, now Mrs. Coolidge and Mrs. Coffin. Mr. Parkman's aunt married Robert G. Shaw, whose son was the distinguished Col. Robert G. Shaw of war fame.

The death of Hermann August Hagan also has come this week as a loss to the world of letters. Dr. Hagan was Professor of Entomology at Harvard, having previously been Assistant. He came to Cambridge on the invitation of Louis Agassiz, his professional work having previously been done, for the most part, in his native city of Königsberg, where he obtained high rank as a scientist. It is interesting to know that, for the past 250 years, one of the Hagan family has always been associated with the University of Königsberg. Dr. Hagan was sixty-six years of age.

Two of the portraits of the Graf collection, of which I wrote last week, have been bought by the Museum of Fine Arts. The one pictures a youth of gentle expression, the other shows a female head. While they are not the best in the lot, they are said to possess important characteristics of the best specimens.

Mrs. Laura Ormiston Chant said farewell to America, last week, before a gathering over which ex-Gov. Long presided. She spoke, in an interesting manner, of America as seen through an Englishwoman's eyes, and one of her statements was to the effect that we Americans are too good-humored:—"I think if you would only growl a little more, as we do," she said, "you would get a better government in some of your towns and cities." She noticed that nearly all the women who took part in American public affairs were of the Grecian type, while the men of like character were Roman. She did not think the type of the future American was yet to be seen. In her opinion it would be a blending of all the various nationalities in the country.

I am glad to say—glad for the Germans themselves as well as for the renown of our own country—that Col. T. W. Higginson's book, "Commonsense about Women," has been translated into German by Eugénie Jacobi and published by Schupp & Neuweid. BOSTON, 14 Nov., 1893. CHARLES L. WINGATE.

Chicago Letter

THE CHICAGO Society of Artists opened its first annual exhibition of water-colors last week, and though the collection is not very large, it contains some good work. The most astonishing thing about it, however, is the small number of subjects taken from the Fair. Never was there a richer field for artistic interpretation near a large city than we have had this summer, in Jackson Park, for it was not the large effects alone which invited the painter, but also innumerable picturesque corners, bits of strange architecture, and the lovely windings of the Lagoon about the Wooded Island. The types of humanity, too, were varied and interesting enough to appeal to every artist who is also a student of character. And yet, with the exception of some drawings by Castaigne, Gibson, Childe Hassam and one or two others, these opportunities seem to have been neglected. It was the rarest thing in the world to see an artist sketching on the grounds, and to judge by the present exhibition, little has been gained from them even by resident painters. Only three studies of the Fair are hung—a charming view from the Lagoon by Corwin, with the green trees near its margin, and behind them the gay colors of one or two of the foreign buildings; an effective sketch by Grover, of a bit of the Art Building from the water below it; and a large study of the Basin and Peristyle at night, by Walter Burridge. The last is more ambitious than the others and less successful. No one but Whistler could suggest to us the beauty of those nocturnes at the Park, and even he might hesitate to attempt it. Mr. Burridge chose a very difficult subject—a moonlight night, while the fireworks were playing; but one would hardly recognize through this pale, silvery interpretation the scene we knew, with the wealth of color which the night lights gave it.

Decidedly the best thing in the exhibition is a portrait head in pastel by Rolshaven. The composition is simple, though the lighting makes the artistic problem a difficult one, the face being in shadow against light. The artist's skilful handling of his medium is shown especially in the light texture of the gown and the bunch of blue flowers at the throat, and the study of the head is simple and exquisite. Two prizes were given to the water-colors, the Mead prize being awarded to Mente, for a beautiful study of some great bent and knotted old willows on the bank of a stream; and the Ferris prize to Walter Burridge, for a view of the stony margin of a lake, looking over the water to a misty horizon. A. F. Brooks was given an honorable mention for his girl hanging out clothes, very well studied both in subject and color; and Gwynne Price sent a charming portrait of an old lady in lavender. Among the landscapes Richardson, Linden and Clusman sent interesting work; and Maratta's study of fishing-boats is good, though hardly in his best vein. The same thing is true of Guerin's contribution; but Schmedtgen, on the contrary, sends a little drawing of a roadway winding through overhanging trees, which is the best thing he has done.

A great chrysanthemum show has been held during the past week, at the Art Institute, under the auspices of the Columbian Exposition. It contained a superb display of all sorts and varieties of these gorgeous flowers, whose cultivation has become so fascinating to American florists. Several new varieties were shown, one of which—with a yellow, centre and many pink, rolled, spoke-like petals radiating from it—was appropriately called "The Ferris Wheel." Another was named for Mrs. Higinbotham—wife of the President of the Board of Directors—a beautiful, great thing with curling, pinkish-lavender petals. In developing the chrysanthemum, however, American florists are too much inclined to produce in it regularity and compactness, to create a flower with more of the stiffness of a dahlia than the grace of its own peculiar species. In one corner of the present show is hung a series of colored reproductions of about a dozen of the latest Japanese varieties; and every one of them has the irregularity, the snaky, straggling grace of the ideal chrysanthemum. One looks through the rooms almost in vain for flowers of this kind; it is possible to find a few, but they are decidedly exceptional, and the ball-like varieties abound. Still Americans have done so much in cultivating this regal flower, during the last few years, that they may safely be trusted to produce the more artistic varieties, before many months have passed.

Thurber, the art-dealer, is also the Chicago agent for Bousod, Valadon & Co.'s publications. Two of their sumptuous volumes are now shown in his gallery. One is Skelton's *Life of Mary Stuart*, beautifully printed on hand-made paper, and embellished with admirable reproductions of old engraved, etched and painted portraits of the dignitaries of Queen Mary's time. The other is "Jacqueline," by Th. Bentzon, gorgeously attired, and still further ornamented with illustrations by Albert Lynch, whose brilliancy in the field of society is unsurpassed. A limited edition of the latter book is also published, in which these illustrations are printed in color, as originally drawn by the artist.

Miss Mary Cassatt has made some interesting experiments in color printing, which are now shown at Keppel's. They are etchings in which the surfaces are printed in color, only twenty-five being produced before the plate is destroyed. They are executed with much cleverness, and in the maternal subjects with great tenderness; and the color effects are almost Japanese in their simplicity and charm. At the same place, several etched portrait-heads by Hellen show a new and original touch; his line has the quality of a pencil-line, and he shows a subtle power in characterization.

Several men beside Mr. Marshall Field have shown great generosity to Chicago of late. Mr. John D. Rockefeller, whose munificence to the University is well-known, presented it, a few days ago, with another half-million. Mr. Higinbotham gave \$100,000 to the Columbian Museum, and Mr. Potter Palmer has expressed his willingness to give \$200,000 for a woman's memorial building, which is to be made a museum of woman's work. This last offer was occasioned by the refusal of the South Park Commissioners to permit the New York State Building, which had been generously presented to the Board of Lady Managers, for the home of such a museum, to remain in Jackson Park. The New York building has therefore been advertised for sale, and the Woman's Board hopes to secure a site on the lake front for its memorial.

CHICAGO, 14 November, 1893.

LUCY MONROE.

The Drama

"Becket"

THE PERFORMANCE of Lord Tennyson's "Becket," in Mr. Abbey's beautiful new theatre, by Henry Irving, Ellen Terry and the rest of the London Lyceum Company, is an illustration of what can be done with second-rate dramatic material by the aid of really good stage-management and a well-trained company. The play, as most readers of *The Critic* know, contains many fine passages and a few strongly dramatic situations, but the poet was almost wholly ignorant of theatrical requirements, and so overloaded the action with dialogue that its presentation upon the stage in its original shape would have been well-nigh hopeless. Mr. Irving's wide experience and excellent discretion have taught him how to prune the superfluous talk and reduce the play within reasonable limits, without taking any liberties with the remaining text and without omitting anything of consequence to the story, which in its present shape, indeed, is clearer than it was before, as well as more compact. The changes include the transposition of two of the earlier scenes, for the sake of dramatic sequence, the omission of one or two minor characters and the compression of several others.

In this way Mr. Irving has made a play which is at least coherent and interesting, if not very exciting, and has thrown into bolder relief the few dramatic situations of the original. But, apart from the interpretation of the principal personage, it is to the presentation of a semi-historical spectacle that he has devoted his best energies, and the result is altogether artistic and delightful. Expensive and handsome scenery is no rarity nowadays upon the New York stage, but Mr. Irving's sets, even when less costly, surpass all local efforts in richness of tone, in accuracy of form and color, in solidity, in perspective and in the niceties of archaeological and architectural detail. There is not a single scene in this present production which is not perfect in its way; but among the most striking may be mentioned a castle in Normandy, with massive turrets and parapets overlooking a wild and far-spreading landscape; a street in Northampton; Rosamund's Bower, a sunny garden set in the midst of the most natural pine woods; and the North transept of Canterbury Cathedral, which is exceedingly impressive in its suggestion of dim solemnity and great height and space. Special mention, also, is due to the interior of the great hall in Northampton Castle, with its excited throng of bishops and priests and its picturesque effects of quickly shifting groups. All these are masterpieces of their kind and prove beyond all question the close connection between the theatre and art.

The acting, as a rule, is entirely worthy of the play and the setting, but there is little to say about any character except Becket, who either dominates the scene or robs it of all vital interest by his absence. Mr. Irving has not rid himself of any of his old and distressing mannerisms since his last visit here, and at times they make themselves painfully apparent; but his impersonation of the great Chancellor and Archbishop is a remarkable piece of work, especially notable for intellectuality, reposeful strength, moral elevation and tender dignity. The contrast, physical and mental, between the warrior-statesman of the prologue and the churchman of the play is marked with uncommon subtlety and skill. His best qualities as an actor are displayed in the prologue, in the conference with the King, which is full of extremely delicate emphasis and by-play, and in the second act, first where he interferes with admirable dignity to protect Rosamund from the brutal Fitzurse,

and next in the scene where he confronts his ecclesiastical foes with the calm dignity of fixed resolve. In his subsequent defiance he is extravagant in voice and gesture and therefore less impressive. Some of the very best bits of his work are done in his farewell interview with Rosamund and in his delivery of the reflections and reminiscences with which the Archbishop occupies his last minutes upon earth. The scene of the actual assassination, under the direction of so consummate a master of stage-craft, is, of course, thoroughly striking and impressive. To Rosamund, Lord Tennyson has given no dramatic quality and even Ellen Terry can do no more than make her a graceful and sympathetic figure. Miss Millward has a better chance as the vindictive Eleanor, and avails herself of it, but cannot be considered an efficient substitute for Genevieve Ward, who played the part in London. Mr. Terriss is a manly and blustering King Henry and all the subordinate parts are in safe hands. The coöperation of the entire company is complete, as of old. Without doubt the play, apart from its literary quality, is weak, but the performance cannot fail to gratify all judicious playgoers.

Music

The Boston Symphony Orchestra

THE FIRST CONCERT given in New York this season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra was heard at Music Hall on Wednesday evening, Nov. 8. The curiosity of the admirers of this admirable organization had been aroused by the reports from Boston concerning the appearance, personality and methods of the new conductor, Emil Paur of Leipzig, who succeeds Arthur Nikisch. Mr. Paur, as might be expected, is an experienced conductor and a sound musician. He is an Austrian, was a fellow-student of Nikisch and Felix Mottl at Vienna, and has been an opera conductor at Cassel, Königsberg, Mannheim and Leipsic. He has also appeared on the concert platform as a violinist and piano virtuoso.

It is unfortunate, but it is a fact and probably always will be a fact, that the performer occupies a more conspicuous place in the public mind than the thing performed. Mr. Irving is a great deal more important to the audience than Lord Tennyson; Mr. Robson is a more notable personage to the occupant of the orchestra stall than Bronson Howard; and Emil Paur, the conductor, quite overshadows Beethoven. It is beyond dispute that at an orchestral concert, where the conductor is certainly the "star," two-thirds of the audience see a great deal more than they hear. Nearly all eyes are fixed on the conductor, and most hearers create for themselves the delusion that the value of a reading depends entirely on his pose and the flexions of his baton. This large class of hearers will condemn Mr. Paur from the outset. He is distinctly unattractive to the eye. He is a homely man and his conducting has no grace. He is not a pictorial director, as his predecessor was.

Mr. Paur is a sound and intelligent musician and he is acquainted with the writings of the masters. But if his reading of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, by which he elected to make himself known to this public, is to be accepted as a fair specimen of his artistic bent, he will never achieve the personal popularity of the gentleman whose place he fills. The reading was excessively analytical and would have served admirably as an illustration for a lecture on musical form. But it is not the business of the artist to expose the mechanism of his art. A heavy down beat, which compels a sort of orchestral thud on the initial tone of each measure, and a minute separation of the phrases, after the manner of a short-breathed singer, are not conducive to poetry of expression and do not lead to inspiration of the hearer. In a word, Mr. Paur's conducting, while scholarly and well-meaning, is methodical and prosaic. That it unfortunately has an outward appearance in keeping with its inner spirit should not weigh too heavily on the listener's judgment. Mr. Seidl is notably ungraceful and heavy in manner, yet most of his readings are vitalized by the sacred fire; while on the other hand Mr. Thomas, who is never angular, is often most graceful when most nearly asleep.

Mr. Paur may never excite his hearers, and the work of the orchestra under his lead does not promise to become, at any time, thrillingly eloquent; yet, on the other hand, we shall probably find that the music is never sacrificed to personal effect, and that the masters of the art will always be treated with reverence. We may look for sincerity if not for illumination.

The Fine Arts

Plans for a New Academy of Design

A MOVEMENT is at last on foot intended to lead to the building of a new Academy of Design, large enough to accommodate a permanent historical collection of American works of art, galleries for exhibitions of statuary and paintings, and well equipped schools. To raise the necessary funds, the fee for a life-membership has been

raised from \$100 to \$1000, and that for a fellowship in perpetuity (a possession to be bequeathed from father to son) from \$500 to \$5000. In addition, it is proposed to make each contributor of \$25,000, or upwards, a member of the Board of Trustees. The present property of the Academy (including an interest in two buildings adjoining the main edifice) is considered to be worth about \$600,000; and the estimated cost of the new building and site would be somewhere near \$3,000,000.

Although no plans have yet been accepted, those submitted by Mr. Ernest Flagg meet with the approval of the Academicians. They are for a building in the modern French renaissance style, having, on the first floor, a large vestibule, offices and a great hall for statuary. Behind the hall of statuary are the schools, with an amphitheatre capable of seating a large number of persons. The galleries for the exhibition of paintings are to be reached by a grand staircase from the vestibule and will be lit by skylights. Mr. Flagg is the pupil of the well-known French architect Blondel, and his eminently practical design is said to have been made while he was in Mr. Blondel's office. As to the site, one near the southern end of Central Park would be most suitable, and it is hinted that a location in the Park might be acceptable, in return for which the public might be admitted free to all exhibitions. The Academy, however, has not asked for such a site. Its art-schools are, already, practically free.

Art Notes

THE ORIGINAL water-color drawings by Mr. Albert Lynch in illustration of Th. Bentzon's novel "Jacqueline" are exhibited at Boussod, Valadon & Co.'s gallery, 303 Fifth Avenue, together with the reproductions in colors for the limited edition of the book. Mr. Lynch, who is by birth a South American, is the most popular illustrator of Parisian fashionable life. His drawings of "Mlle. Giselle at Mme. D'Argy's," of "The Pantomime" with Columbine listening at the window in the screen to Pierrot playing outside, of the party in the bow-window, and the terrace at Monte Carlo justify his reputation; and the reproductions are extremely accurate. Paintings by Cazin, Raffaelli, Clausen, Israels and Troyon also are on exhibition.

—Mr. John La Farge's lecture to the advanced class in painting at the Museum of Art, last Saturday, was enjoyed by a large and appreciative audience. His lecture at eleven o'clock this morning will be, like the first, introductory to and explanatory of the course.

—At the Fine Arts Building, on Monday, the New York Water-Color Club will open its annual show, and at the same time there will be placed on view the collection of antique Egyptian portraits which figured among the attractions of the Midway Plaisance at Chicago.

—The Architectural League has decided not to admit the exhibits of the Sculpture Society at its exhibition beginning on Dec. 15.

—At a meeting of the Sculpture Society, last Monday evening, a resolution was adopted, calling for immediate action on the part of the municipal authorities under the law authorizing the erection of a monument to the Soldiers and Sailors of this city who fell in the Civil War. A similar resolution was adopted on Tuesday evening by the Municipal Art Society.

The Players' Tribute to Booth

FIFTEEN HUNDRED persons had been seated in the Madison Square Garden Concert Hall for half an hour, last Monday, when the memorial exercises arranged by the Players began. Admission was only by cards of invitation from the Club, and the demand for these very far exceeded the number that had been engraved. The exercises began soon after half-past three o'clock, with the Dead March from Handel's "Saul," one of Mr. Booth's favorite pieces of music, which was always played at his performances of "Hamlet."

An occasion so impressive has seldom been known in New York. The appearance of the two foreign actors gave it an international character. Mr. Jefferson presided with his usual grace, and adequate dignity. The words spoken that will last longest of all (though all were interesting) were probably Prof. Woodberry's Elegy, which was read clearly by the poet, although he is unpracticed in the delivery of verse. It was all of a very high character, and some parts of it were exquisitely felicitous. The sensation of the afternoon, however, was Salvini's delivery of his Italian address. His manner was subdued to the occasion, but as a piece of oratory it was probably the most beautiful and masterly perform-

ance that anyone present had ever seen on a platform. For grace in gesture and a certain nobility in enunciation, it was simply unsurpassable. At one point where Salvini described—and acted, without over acting—the meeting of the great dramatist and the great actor ("Shakspeare gli stringe la mano") the excitement of the audience became insuppressible, and broke out in wild applause.

Mr. Godwin's address was poetical and full of pleasant reminiscence, and Mr. Irving's was perfect in taste and delivered with unusual directness and clearness of enunciation, and with great charm. The music was well selected and finely rendered by Damrosch's orchestra. Mr. Stanford White's decorations were most simple and artistic, their centre being Launt Thompson's well-known bust. The whole occasion was altogether unique and memorable, both in the things said, those who said them, and the audience that listened.

After introducing the other speakers, Mr. Joseph Jefferson himself spoke, in substance, as follows:—"And now it would seem that my duty is done; but can I quit this scene without telling you how closely allied I was in friendship with Edwin Booth? We were boys together. He was but sixteen years of age when I first met him—the sweetest nature and the most noble face I ever looked upon. His splendid social and dramatic career was marked by me from its beginning to its close. Pardon me if I press too closely upon his early domestic life, but I was the confidant between him and the sweet lady to whom he gave his first love—was cognizant of his youthful courtship, his early marriage, and the bereavement that followed after. I have acted with him upon the stage and rambled with him through the woods. We shared our youthful joys together, and in after years he leaned upon my arm when broken down by illness and overwork. It was but little more than a year ago that we strolled together upon the seashore, and if I remember his thoughts and words aright, he considered no man happy until he could enjoy the success of his enemies. Surely this was an elevated condition for one who was about to step across the threshold from this world to the next. We all know Edwin Booth's public benevolence, but his private charities were only revealed to his friends, and even these he would have concealed from all eyes had it been possible." Mr. Jefferson, in conclusion, related two anecdotes illustrating the actor's thoughtful generosity.

Prof. George E. Woodberry then read an elegy composed for the occasion, the greater part of which will be found a little farther on. The Orchestra next played Tchaikowsky's "Hamlet Fantasia," after which Mr. Parke Godwin delivered the commemorative address, speaking extemporaneously. As a Shakespearian actor, he said, Booth had several worthy rivals, few if any equals, and no superiors. Once established in the public favor, he held his place, for more than thirty years, as the first of American tragedians. After the Nocturne from Mendelssohn's music to the "Midsummer-Night's Dream" had been played by the Orchestra, Signor Salvini delivered an address in Italian, an English version of which was read by Mr. Henry Miller, who took the place of Mr. Alexander Salvini, the tragedian's son, who found himself unable to be present. Signor Salvini said in part:—

"Among the sweetest pleasures of my dramatic career none is more sweet than this, that I have enjoyed fraternal relations with actors of a different tongue, and highest of all I count and boast the satisfaction of having been the companion, even for a brief period, of Edwin Booth. In this time of happy recollection, the esteem which I had long cherished for him became established, and I had opportunity to observe that while genius attended him as an artist, refinement, culture, delicacy and right feeling were never absent from him as a man. With good reason he enjoyed the love of his fellow-citizens, and confided in the sympathy and respect of his comrades on the stage, to whom he was a miracle of good counsel, of masterly teaching, and of liberality; to whom he dedicated the Players' Club, as a conspicuous proof of his enduring affection for his art and for his interpreters. Edwin Booth was as truly gentleman as artist. It would be tedious and superfluous to enumerate the long list of his uniformly felicitous impersonations. They raised him to the lofty throne of Fame; but he always remained modest, courteous, and loving.

"And now? * * * Melpomene and Thalia have welcomed him to their shrine. Aeschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, Menander, Plautus, Terence surround him. Shakspeare holds his hand. The constellation of great artists of the past welcomes in him a new luminary; and while he in the skies rejoices in the glory which envelopes him and to which he devoted his life, shall we here weep? The apotheosis of the illustrious gives occasion not for tears but for envy. Let us strive to emulate this apotheosis! The thought is audacious, but the aspiration is noble."

Mr. Henry Irving dwelt on his memories of Mr. Booth while on English soil, and said that he, like all others, had conceived a warm friendship for him as soon as he had learned to know him,

Thirty years ago he had acted in the stock companies where Booth was the star, and later he had acted beside him, when Booth was the star in Mr. Irving's own theatre. The exercises ended with the Slumber music from Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet."

Prof. Woodberry's poem, of which we quote the greater part, was entitled "The Players' Elegy on the Death of Edwin Booth":—

"Linger ye here, all lovers of the soul,
Nor, careful of our grief, too far remove
From the last rites of love!
Bend hither your sad hearts, no more to flow
With deaths of ill-starred kings and tears of time,
Plucked from your bosoms by a feigned woe;
But from the living fountain learn to shed
Some drops of sorrow for the player dead,
While round his earth dirges of slumber go!

* * * * *

"For first of men born ours he did advance
In the world's front our title to the crown,
And with old glory blend our young renown,
In tragedy a victor; and his glance
Knew none but equals on that ancient ground,
Yet in each rival there a kinsman found,
While rolled his triumph to the Danube's bound.
What could he less, inheriting his race,
Ancestral honor, and the happy breed
That from old Burbage heired the players' art,
And in young Garrick treasured up the seed,
In Kemble majesty, in Kean made grace?
The masters come not oft,
Who lighten in the soul, and ride aloft
On old Imagination's wingéd sphere;
But he was native there,
And could that orb of pale dominion steer,
Who bore the soul of Shakspeare in his heart
And bodied forth his world. O potent art,
Clothing with mortal mould the poet's thought,
That so could recreate
The beauty of dead princes and their state,
And all that glory to perdition brought—
Sorrrows of song! O noble breast o'erfraught,
That such a weight of perilous stuff could carry,
And to the old words marry
The music of his tongue, his princely mien,
And beauty like the Muses' Mercury,
That like an antique god he trod the scene,
And every motion carved him where he stood
Fit for eternity!

"Nor came he to this height by happy chance;
Nor birth nor fortune to that presence thrust;
But wisest labor and strict governance.
Lower than in himself he dared not trust,
But his dear study of perfection made,
Refining nature's gifts with learning's aid.
The scholar's page oft lit his lonely hour,
Yet spared all knowledge alien to his power;
The true tradition, wandering from its source,
Taught by his memory, found its ancient course;
Informed with mind, now Shylock shook the stage,
And subtly tempered burst Lear's awful rage.
And more he brought than yet had ever been
To plant illusion in the painted scene,
And bade the arts a royal tribute pour
To make the pageant wealthier than before;
As in a living Rome ran Cæsar's blood,
And round the lovers fair Verona stood;
Yet well he knew the action to maintain
Against the scene, that else were laid in vain;
Happy who first had learned, though hid from youth,
What Prosper taught him from the buried book,
Whereon the brooding eyes of genius look—
The way unto the heart is simple truth."

* * * * *

"O tender soul of human melancholy
That o'er him brooded like the firmament!
Thence had his eyes their supernatural fires
And his deep soul its element of night;
Thence had he felt the touch of great thoughts wholly
That with mortality but ill consent,
The star-crossed spirit's unconfined desires,
That in this brief breath plumes its fiery flight;
And on his brows hung ever the pale might
Of intellectual passion, inward bent,

Musing the bounds of Nature's continent,
In that great shadow where the mind aspires,
With flashes beautiful and eloquent;
There love, that flies abreast with thoughts of youth,
And glides, a splendor, by the wings of truth,
Over the luminous vague to darkness went,—
Like some slow-dying star down heaven's pole,
It moves o'er earth's blind frame and man's dark soul,
And passes out of sight,
And the lone soul once more inurns its light.
So in his blood the poet's passion wrought,
His nature from within dark influence lent,
While with his body, there, the spirit blent,
And stamped the changeling of creative thought—
The soul incarnate in its mortal bloom,
The infinite, shut in how little room—
The word, the act,—no more; yet thereof made
The player who the heart of Hamlet played!
Ah, who shall e'er forget the sweet, grave face,
The beauty flowering from a stately race,
The mind of majesty, the heart of grace?

* * * * *

"He held the mirror up unto the soul,
And from his bosom read the part alone,
The infinite of man within him sealed,
And played himself—oh, with what truth exprest!
He plucked the mystery from the master's breast,
But ah, what mortal plucks it from his own?
Such was our Hamlet whom the people knew,
A soul of noble breath, sweet, kind, and true;
Our flesh and blood, yet of the world ideal,
So native to immortal memory
That to the world he hardly seems to die
More than the poet's page, where buried lie
The form and feature of eternity;
But when we look within, what spirits there
Move in the silence of that hallowed air!
He in the mind shall his black mantle wear,
Pore on the book, and greet the players dear,
And make dead Yorick with his memory fair.
But ah, for us,—alas! who knew him near,
Nearer the loss; ah, what shall yet appear
Of all he was?—For us the vacant chair,
For us the vanished presence from the room,
The silent bust, the portrait hung with gloom,—
He will not come, not come!
Yet doth his figure linger on the sense,
And Memory her sacred relics save
Of voice, and hand, and silent influence,
That some shall carry with them to the grave.
No more beside the lighted hearth he stands,
Bringing us welcome from o'erflowing hands—
Our host, our benefactor, and our friend,
Faultless in all, who all in one could blend:
Gracious, with something of old reverence;
Generous, who never knew the gift he gave;
Thoughtful, who for the least himself would waive!
How oft we saw him in the evening light,
The patient sufferer in our daily sight!
Here was his home; here were his gathered friends,—
Blest is the life that in such friendship ends!—
Nor further looks the verse, though taught to see
More nigh that heart of noble privacy,
Bosom of perfect trust, from guile how free,—
An open soul, with reticence refined—
Yet when he spoke a child might read his mind:
Only great souls have such simplicity.

Cease, flood of song, thy stream! now cease, and know
Thy silver fountains from all hearts do flow!
Cease now, my song, and learn to say good-night
To him whose glory lends thy stream its light!
The last great heir of the majestic stage
Has passed, and with him passes a great age;
Low with the elders lies his honored head,
And in one voice are many voices dead.
O old tradition, crusted with great names,
Our captain-jewels! lo, among them set,
Booth's like a star! look you, how sweet it flames,
And with the lustre of our tears still wet!
Farewell—farewell!—move, sweet soul, to thy rest;
Sleep cloud thy eyes, deep sleep be in thy breast!
Go, noble heart, unto our sons a name,
Through all men's praises to eternal fame!

Move, happy spirit, where all voices cease—
Through our love go, to where love's name is peace!"

The Committee of the Players which had the memorial exercises in charge consisted of the following gentlemen, nearly all of whom were present, the most notable absentee being Bishop Potter, who is abroad:—A. M. Palmer, Chairman; Rt. Rev. Henry C. Potter, T. B. Aldrich, E. C. Stedman, William Bispham, Charles E. Carryl, Stephen H. Olin, Joseph F. Daly, Chauncey M. Depew, Daniel Frohman, R. W. Gilder, Elbridge T. Gerry, A. S. Hewitt, Laurence Hutton, J. Henry Harper, Al. Hayman, Barton Hill, Henry Irving, Brander Matthews, F. F. Mackay, John Malone, John D. Crimmins, Horace Porter, James F. Ruggles, Sol. Smith Russell, E. H. Sothorn, Frank W. Sanger, Louis Aldrich, Charles Scribner, Charles S. Smith, E. S. Willard, Stanford White and Francis Wilson.

New Officers of the Library Association

THE EXECUTIVE Board of the American Library Association has announced the time and place of the annual meeting of 1894 as September, probably from the 13th to the 24th, at Lake Placid in the Adirondacks. The complete list of officers for the year is as follows:—President, J. N. Larned, Buffalo. Vice-presidents, F. H. Hild, Chicago; Henry M. Utley, Detroit; Caroline M. Hewins, Hartford, Conn. Secretary, Frank P. Hill, Newark, N. J. Assistant Secretaries, Louisa S. Cutler, Utica, N. Y.; W. S. Merrill, Chicago; Nina B. Browne, Boston; T. L. Montgomery, Philadelphia. Recorder, Henry J. Carr, Scranton, Penn. Treasurer, George W. Cole, Jersey City. Standing Committees: Co-operation—F. M. Crunden, St. Louis; Theresa H. West, Milwaukee; Katherine L. Sharp, Chicago; J. K. Hosmer, Minneapolis; A. S. Root, Oberlin, Ohio. Finance—J. L. Whitney, Boston; Charles C. Soule, Brookline, Mass.; A. W. Whelpley, Cincinnati. Library School and Training Classes—George T. Little, Brunswick, Me.; Sarah W. Cattell, New York; Caroline H. Garland, Dover, N. H. United States Public Documents—R. R. Bowker, Brooklyn; E. C. Hovey, Brookline, Mass.; D. V. R. Johnson, New York State Library. Foreign Documents—W. H. Brett, Cleveland; James Bain, Toronto; Clement W. Andrews, Boston. Subject Headings—Gardner M. Jones, Salem, Mass.; C. A. Cutter, Boston; G. E. Wire, Chicago. Trustees of Endowment Fund—Norman Williams, Chicago; E. C. Hovey, Brookline, Mass.; John M. Glenn, Baltimore. Endowment—Pliny T. Sexton, Palmyra, N. Y.; Eckley B. Cox, Drifton, Penn.; Bernard C. Steiner, Baltimore; J. C. Dana, Denver; J. C. Rowell, Berkeley, Cal.; George W. Harris, Ithaca, N. Y.; Jessie Allan, Omaha; George Iles, New York.

Notes

Far and Near, edited by Maria Bowen Chapin, and issued under the direction of the Auxiliary Society of the Association of Working Girls' Societies of New York, and *The Charities Review*, edited by Dr. John H. Finley and Paul Leicester Ford, and issued under the auspices of the Charity Organization Society of the City of New York, will hereafter be published by Oswald Weber, Jr., at the United Charities Building, 105 East 23d Street, New York.

—The James Russell Lowell memorial in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey will be unveiled on Nov. 28. Addresses will be made by the Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, M. P.; Mr. Thomas F. Bayard, the United States Ambassador, and others.

—Dodd, Mead & Co. announce the fifth edition of Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie's "My Study Fire," "Under the Trees and Elsewhere," "Short Studies in Literature" and "Essays in Literary Interpretation." These books have been revised and each volume has received additions to the text, and will contain three photogravures. The bindings will be in new designs. The books are in course of publication in England from the press of Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co.

—D. Appleton & Co. are about to issue "Poems of Nature," by William Cullen Bryant, illustrated by Paul de Longpré; "The Brontës in Ireland," by Dr. William Wright; and X. B. Saintine's "Piccola," illustrated by J. F. Guedry.

—J. G. Cupples & Co. will publish immediately "The Child and the Bishop," by "an old friend" of Bishop Brooks, and "Gentle Thoughts for Gentle Women," by Dinah Mulock Craik.

—"Social England," announced by G. P. Putnam's Sons, will be a record, in several volumes, of the progress of the people in religion, laws, learning, arts, science, literature, industry, commerce and manners, from the earliest times to the present date. It is edited by H. D. Traill, who has secured a number of Oxford professors as contributors to the first volume. Messrs. Putnam announce also "The Religion of a Literary Man," by Richard Le Gallienne, already noticed in our columns; "Wah-Kee-Nah, and

Her People," a study of the customs, traditions, and legends of the North American Indians, by James C. Strong, late of the United States Army; and "James Henry Chapin, of Connecticut," a study of his life and work, by Dr. George Sumner Weaver.

—Charles L. Webster & Co., in announcing the sale to W. E. Benjamin of the Stedman-Hutchinson "Library of American Literature," are particular to state that the sale was made in order to dispose of their subscription department, the other works in which were sold some time ago. Contrary to the statements contained in several trade journals, this sale involves no change in the *personnel* of the firm, which will devote itself, more energetically than ever, to the general publication business.

—Signor Salvini went this week to Philadelphia to see his son Alexander act, and will sail for Europe from this city to-day.

—The will of Charles J. Starr, who has just died at Middlebury, Vt., leaves to Middlebury College a legacy of \$150,000. A little less than two years ago, Mr. Starr gave the College \$60,000, and previous to that, at different times, \$10,000 and \$15,000.

—The price of "The Niagara Book," noticed in our issue of Nov. 4, should have been given as \$1, instead of \$2.

—It is said that Mr. E. S. Willard, who will begin playing at the Garden Theatre on Nov. 27, will probably produce "Hamlet" before his engagement is ended. Mr. Willard is a cultivated, thoughtful actor, and will no doubt give an interesting interpretation of this oft-interpreted character.

—Mr. Gladstone has appointed Prof. Ingram Bywater to succeed the late Prof. Jowett as Master of Balliol College, Oxford. Prof. Bywater has a high reputation as a Greek scholar.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich and Richard Henry Stoddard will contribute poems to the Christmas *Scribner's*. Among the other contributors are Sir Walter Scott and Marion Crawford.

—The Brattleboro (Vermont) correspondent of the *Providence Journal* says that Rudyard Kipling has just finished a long story called "The Bridge-Builders." In the same correspondence we find an interesting story of Mr. Kipling's love of flowers:—"He had read Mrs. W. S. Dana's book on wild flowers, and enjoyed it so much that, in common with many others, he wrote to thank her for the pleasure it had given him. In the course of the letter—in which Mr. Kipling spoke of his love for flowers—he asked Mrs. Dana's advice in regard to transplanting certain species which he wished to preserve, and pleased her very much by saying he hated to dig up the poor little things; it made 'their roots squeak'."

—An oil-painting of Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, the first President of the Colonial Club of Cambridge, was presented to the Club on Friday evening, Nov. 3, in the clubhouse in Quincy Street, Cambridge, more than two hundred members being present. Judge Hammond made presentation. President Eliot of Harvard received it, and fitting remarks were made by Col. Higginson.

—The program of the historical and educational Old Country Pilgrimage, which has been arranged for January next by Bishop Vincent of Buffalo, N. Y., and the Rev. Dr. Lunn, editor of the *Review of the Churches*, has just received an interesting addition. The Right Hon. James Bryce, M.P., writes:—"I am much interested in the Chautauqua movement—one of the most remarkable phenomena of modern America—and if I am in London when Bishop Vincent's party arrives, it will give me much pleasure to meet them in Westminster Hall, and explain, so far as I can, our arrangements to them. Their programme seems to be an excellent one."

—The New York Library Club held its first meeting for the season on Nov. 9, in the parlors of the Young Men's Christian Association in this city. The President, Mr. G. W. Cole, occupied the chair. After the transaction of some routine business, Mr. William C. Prime gave an address on "Early Book Illustration by Woodcuts." By the courtesy of the Council and Librarian of the Grolier Club, the librarians, at the close of their meeting, visited the Grolier Club rooms and inspected the exhibition of fine bindings.

—The Connecticut Historical Society has decided to purchase the genealogical and historical library of Dr. D. W. Patterson, of New-ark Valley, Tioga County, N. Y., for \$5000. Several libraries competed for it.

—T. Y. Crowell & Co. have learned that Prof. Ely's "Taxation in American States and Cities," published by them, will soon appear in Japanese, the work having been translated by Dr. Iyenaga, one of his former students, and Mr. Shiozawa. Messrs. Crowell hope to issue Prof. Ely's "Socialism" in the coming spring.

—E. P. Dutton & Co. will publish on Nov. 20 "Stephen Remarx," a study in social science, by the Rev. James Adderley. The little book has attracted much attention in England, and was especially alluded to in our London Letter last week.

—The gift of A. Abraham of Abraham & Straus to Cornell University, which consists of collections of the works of the German philosophers Kant and Spinoza and a fine collection of portraits of both, has been acknowledged by President Schurman in a letter dated Nov. 1, in which he says:—"I confess to you what I should not have dared to announce before, that we have not two dozen books on Spinoza, while our Kantian collection is limited to the more recent works. This Spinoza library, therefore, of nearly 450 volumes is a brand-new reinforcement of our working material; and of the 984 volumes on Kant we find, by actual examination, that only twenty-five titles are duplicates of those now in our library." The Brooklyn Eagle quotes Mr. Abraham as saying:—"Through my friend and partner, the Hon. Oscar Straus, ex-United States Minister to Turkey, I learned last week that these collections were to be had. I immediately cabled to Leipzig to our agent there to purchase them. My son has a scholarship in Cornell, and I took this opportunity to make a fitting presentation to the University. I believe it is the most complete of its kind in the world. The celebrated collection in the British Museum is about a third of its size."

Publications Received

Agger, A. C. Pocket Key of Birds. 30c. Trenton: J. L. Murphy Pub. Co.
Arnold, W. Clara. Way side Pub. Co.
Bangs, J. K. Half-Hours with Jimmieboy. R. H. Russell & Son.
Bell, M. Spring's Immortality and other Poems. 37. 6d.
Björnson, B. Pastor Sang Over Aevne. Tr. by W. Wilson. Ward, Lock, Bowden & Co.
Brooks, P. Letters of Travel. \$2. Longmans, Green & Co.
Carnegie, A. Triumphant Democracy. \$3. E. P. Dutton & Co.
Chas. Scribner's Sons.

Carroll, H. K. Religious Forces of the United States. \$2.50. Chr. Literature Co.
Chittenden, L. E. An Unknown Heroine. Richmond, Crisp & Co.
Crosland, N. Landmarks of a Literary Life. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Deland, M. The Old Garden. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Edkins, J. Early Spread of Religious Ideas. London: Religious Tract Socy.
Ellis, E. S. River and Wilderness Series. 3 vols. \$3.75 per set. Price-McGill Co.
Farrar, F. W. Christmas Carols. \$1.25. T. Whittaker.
Farrar, F. W. Cathedrals of England. \$1.50. Macmillan & Co.
Fawcett, E. D. Hartmann the Anarchist. \$1.25. Longmans, Green & Co.
Furness, W. The Out-Door World. \$2.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Gale, N. Orchard Songs. \$1. Ed. by G. Karpelès.
Heine's Life Told in his own Words. Tr. by A. Dexter. \$1.75. H. Holt & Co.
Holt, E. S. One Snowy Night. A. L. Bradley & Co.
Jerome, J. K. Novel Notes. \$1.25. H. Holt & Co.
Johnson, C. N. Hermit of the Nonquon. Rand, McNally & Co.
Kipling, R. Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads. \$1.25. Macmillan & Co.
Lees, G. R. Jerusalem Illustrated. Mawson, Swan & Morgan.
Lent, W. B. Gypsying Beyond the Sea. 2 vols. \$4. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.
Leslie, G. D. Letters to Marco. \$1.50. Macmillan & Co.
Longfellow Calendar, 1894. 35c. E. P. Dutton & Co.
Lord, A. E. Days of Lamb and Coleridge. \$1.25. H. Holt & Co.
Lowe, M. P. The Olive and the Pine. \$1. D. Lothrop Co.
Lytton, Earl of. The Wanderer. \$3. Longmans, Green & Co.
Macdonald, G. The Light Princess, and other Fairy Tales. \$1.75. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Masoch, S. Seraph. Tr. by E. M. Phelps. G. M. Allen Co.
Orr, H. B. Theory of Development and Heredity. \$1.50. Macmillan & Co.
Ortol, F. Evening Tales. Tr. by J. C. Harris. \$1. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Peary, I. D. My Arctic Journal. \$2. Contemporary Pub. Co.
Saint-Amand, I. de. Court of Louis XV. Tr. by E. G. Martin. \$1.25. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Salisbury, W. A. Portugal and its People. \$1.50. T. Nelson & Sons.
Selling, A. H. Torch-Bearers of History. 80c. T. Nelson & Sons.
Thomas, R. Devotional Services for Public Worship. 75c. Macmillan & Co.
Townsend, C. Tony, the Convict. 25c. T. S. Denison.
Trumbull, W. Legend of the White Canoe. \$2.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Trumbull, H. C. A Life Never Justifiable. \$1. J. D. Wattles & Co.
Twelve Years' Queen's Scholarship Questions, 1881-'90. 37. 6d. McEiff & Paige.
Under the Nursery Lamp. \$1.50. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.
Wagh, A. Alfred, Lord Tennyson. \$1.50. C. L. Webster & Co.
Wheeler, P. From Side Streets and Boulevards. R. R. Donnelley & Sons.

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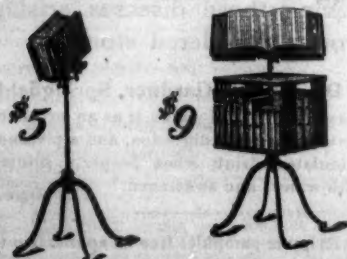
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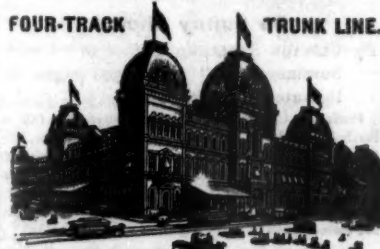
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